POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

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FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

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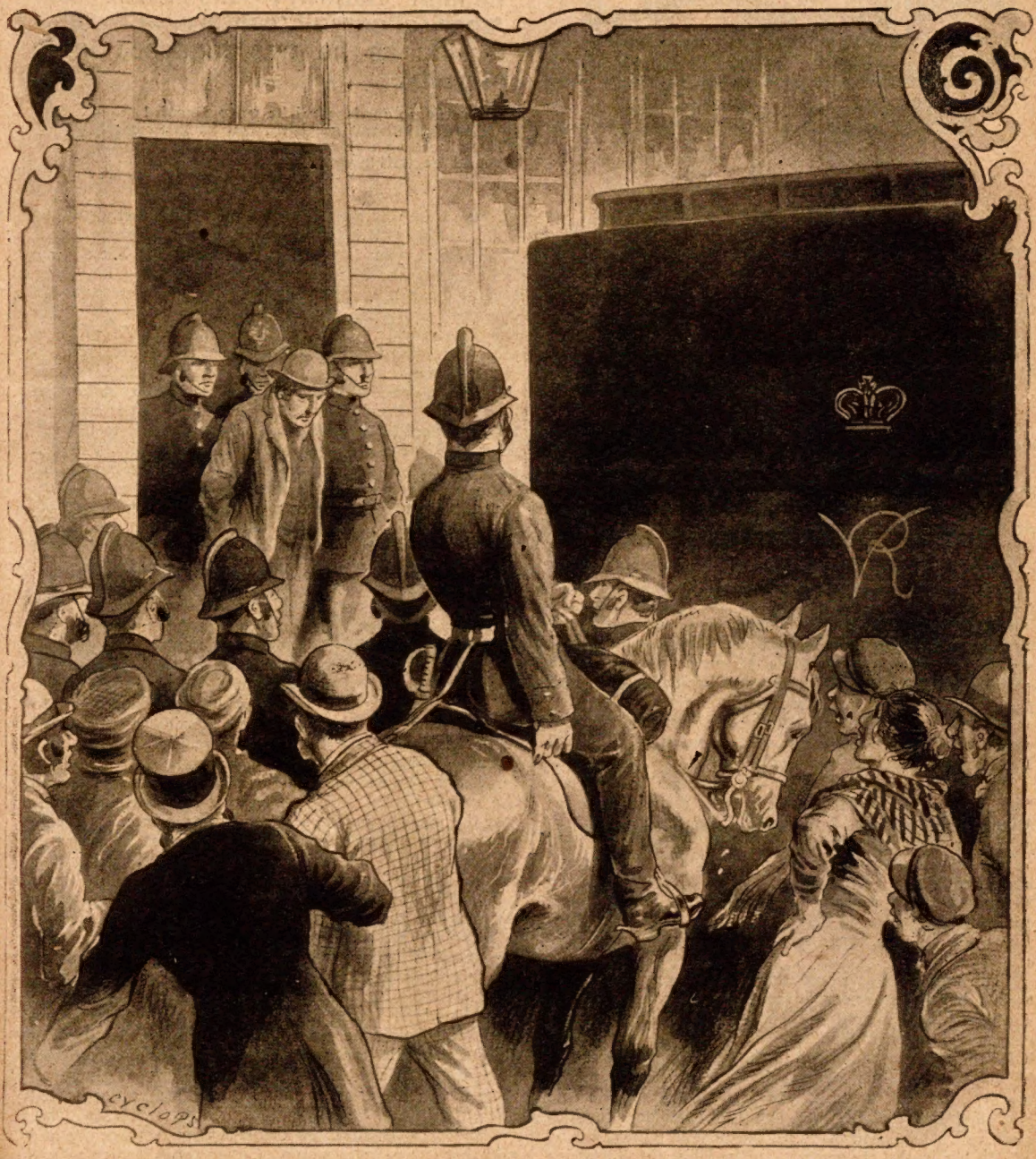


MULLER LEAVES BOW STREET IN THE PRISON VAN.

Vol. V.—No. 59.

MULLER The MURDERER.

His slaying of Mr. Briggs on the North London Railway; his flight to America, pursuit, capture, and confession as he was launched into eternity.

"There is no confessor like unto Death!
Thou canst not see him, but he is near;
Thou needest not whisper above thy breath
And he will hear."
—LONGFELLOW, "The Golden Legend," Part V.

PART II.

THE magistrate was assisted by Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., who sat with him. Muller was defended by Mr. Beard, who was solicitor to the German Legal Protection Society. At eleven o'clock the prisoner was put into the dock, and the moment which the public had waited for so long had arrived. And what did they see? A delicate-looking, insignificant, quietly-dressed German, who appeared to be far from interested in the proceedings, and the public declared that they had been cheated, for they wanted to find in their hero some trace of the historic brigand Dick Turpin, or at the least a fierce-looking desperado.

After a brief address by Mr. Giffard for the Crown, in which he said that it would be absurd for him to imagine that every person present was not fully informed of the circumstances of the murder, witnesses were ordered out of court, and Mr. Buchan was called. He merely stated that the deceased had dined with him on the night he was killed, and identified the bag which was found in the carriage as one belonging to Mr. Briggs. Mr. Beard declined to cross-examine him, and his place was taken by the guard of the train in which the crime was committed, who briefly described the condition of the carriage. Then the son of the murdered man entered the box, and the hat which was found in Muller's possession was produced, and Mr. Briggs asked if it was his father's hat.

"I do not swear positively to the hat," said the witness, "but it is made by Mr. Digance, who always made my father's hats for him. I think that it has been altered, as my father wore a higher hat than that." Mr. Beard tried to get the witness to say that the hat was not Mr. Briggs's, but he could not shake the statement. There was a little haggling between counsel as to whether the hat had been cut down two inches or only an inch and a-half, and then the jeweller, Death, swore to the chain and to the identity of the prisoner.

The only witness whose statements were seriously attacked by the prisoner's advocate was the cabman who described the circumstances under which he had purchased a hat for Muller. He said that he had bought it for the prisoner at the end of the previous year and that he had noticed him wearing it three weeks before the murder. He had remarked to him that it was wearing very well and took the article up to examine a curious mark which had been made by the prisoner always taking off his hat in the same way. He had lost the hat which he had previously had of the same pattern as the prisoner's hat and had not had another one made by the same firm of hatters. Mr. Beard attacked Matthews on the subject of the date when he bought the hat. "When did you buy the hat?" "I cannot exactly say." "When did you buy your last hat?" "Some time before this business." "That won't do for me; I must have a more definite answer. What date did you buy your present hat on?" "I cannot say." "But you must say." "I really do not know." At that the solicitor for the Crown rose to protect the witness, remarking that very few people who bought cheap hats for cash have an accurate remembrance of the exact date when they do so. Mr. Beard said that he wanted the information and would have it if possible, and, turning to the witness, said, "I want some approximation. Now, was it within three weeks or three months of the committal of the crime that you bought the hat?"

"I have told you near about the time and can't say more. I have come here to tell the truth and not to be badgered and bothered in this way. I don't know if it was within three months, but I think it was in June that I bought my hat."

Mr. Beard did not like this and said so pretty strongly, then asked if he might defer the cross-examination of the witness on certain points, as he was not quite ready with his questions. This was agreed to by the Crown representatives.

After Muller's landlady had given evidence as to Muller's behaviour when with her, and said that Muller did not go out late on the date after the murder, but that they did not know what time he came in on the day of the outrage, Mrs. Repsch was examined as to her knowledge of the prisoner's hat. She stated that she had laughingly told the prisoner on the Monday after the murder that he was very extravagant to get a new hat when his own was not worn out. Muller replied that he had accidentally crushed his own hat and that he had been obliged to throw it into the dust heap. He also added that he had given 14s. for the hat he was then wearing and had bought it from an old clothes dealer in Petticoat Lane. That and the formal evidence of the police who arrested him closed the first day's hearing before the magistrate.

The police had arranged to stop the traffic along the route by which Muller was to be taken to Holloway for a short time before he passed, in order to prevent the van being delayed by the crowd who were waiting to see their popular murderer. In spite of this precaution, however, there was a little delay at one point and Muller was hooted at.

The prisoner took the demonstration very coolly and said that it was quite natural, if they thought that he had committed such a foul murder, for the people to express their disgust. He was a little depressed when taken to the remand prison, but, after he had been given dinner,

recovered his spirits and chatted friendlily with the warders. Among other things, he said that he blamed the nation for the tremendous amount of drunkenness which took place at night and compared this country unfavourably with Germany. He also expressed his astonishment that he had been taken to Bow Street and not to Stepney, but declared himself perfectly satisfied that he would get justice in whatever court he was tried.

While waiting on remand, the German population of London began to agitate in favour of the captive, declaring that all the depositions were coloured by national prejudice, and asking their ambassador to bring the matter personally before the Sovereign. The ambassador, being a man of commonsense, refused to have anything to do with such an absurd measure, and pointed out that Muller would get a perfectly fair trial at the Central Criminal Court, in case he should be committed for trial.

Now that the prisoner was in London, the inquest, which had been adjourned, was reopened, and Muller was

THERE WAS A LITTLE DELAY AT ONE POINT.

present when the same evidence as was produced at Bow Street was laid before the jury. It must have been a terrible mental strain for the murderer when the coroner, with a skull in his hands, explained the cause of death to the jury, and surmised how the crime had actually been committed, still he never changed colour and sat calmly listening to the masses of evidence which were rapidly accumulating against him.

When the case came on again at Bow Street Mr. Beard recalled Matthews, and continued examining him. Matthews could not give exact dates for anything, but admitted that he had been to Norwich and had reason to remember his stay there although it was some fourteen years before. Mr. Beard then said that he would not ask him any more questions, but subsequently it transpired that Matthews had got into trouble while in Norwich and had been punished for it.

From Mrs. Matthews the magistrate learnt of Muller giving the little box to the child, and of his exhibiting his new chain on the Monday following the murder, while Mr. Glass described that progress of the pawning operations which, we know, the prisoner went through prior to his departure for the States. Then Mr. Gifford, the shipping agent from whom Muller purchased his ticket, was put into the box, and spoke of the scanty luggage which the prisoner had. His evidence was purely formal, but he was followed by much more important testimony, for the hatter who supplied Mr. Briggs with his hats was called.

He said that his name was Digance, and that he had made hats for Mr. Briggs for thirty-five years. The hat produced was one of those hats. It was made in September, 1863, and he remembered it well, for then bell-crowned hats were not generally worn. The hat was a little large for his customer, and he had, therefore, pasted a small piece of tissue inside the brim. The paper had been removed, but fragments of it were still to be seen in the hat. The hat had been altered since he made it, for the crown had been cut down about an inch and a-half and sewn on again with fine silk. The sewing was very neatly done, but no hatter would have fastened it that way. It was just what a tailor would do. A hatter would have made the join by means of paste and varnish.

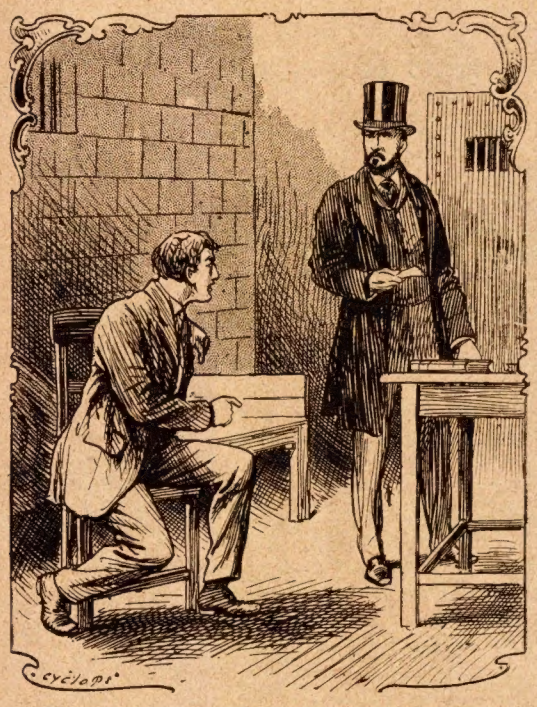
To support this statement the tradesman who finished the hat for Digance was sworn and stated that he could tell any hat which he had finished, as he put a private mark on all work which he did. He was positive that he finished the hat produced in September, 1863. Mr. Briggs's name had been put into the hat about an inch from the bottom of the crown. The piece of the crown where the name was had now been removed, and it was clear that the removal had not been done by a hatter. The band round the hat had also been altered and pasted on, a thing which no hatter would do.

Up to this point the watch which was found in Muller's possession had not been definitely identified except by Mr. Briggs, jun., who thought that it was exactly like his father's watch, but now the prosecution had found the watchmaker who made the watch, and who was able to point out some private figures which he had placed in the watch when last he cleaned it for the murdered gentleman. That definitely established the ownership of the watch a

short time prior to the murder, but, of course, it could not be said that the chronometer had not been stolen from Mr. Briggs before July 8, or that he had not sold it himself.

The detectives repeated what they knew of the case, and two surgeons described the injuries inflicted on the deceased, and said that the cause of death was fracture of the skull and compression of the brain consequent on the fracture. Some of the wounds might have been caused by the fall from the train, but the injury which proved fatal had not been caused that way. There were many little things which led them to believe that the fatal blow was struck with a blunt instrument. The bludgeon which was produced in court might have caused such an injury.

It will be remembered that Death gave Muller a ring with the chain as a make-weight. The ring was a common signet ring with a white cornelian, engraved with a head, set in it. With regard to that ring Inspector Tanner asked the prisoner a question which was subsequently



"Are you positive?" asked Tanner.

much commented on. He spoke about the ring to Muller and the latter said that he had lost it. "Let me see," said the detective, "the ring had a plain, red stone in it, had it not?" "No; it was a white stone engraved with a head," replied Muller. "Are you positive?" asked Tanner. "Yes, absolutely sure. I bought it in Cheapside for seven shillings and sixpence," continued the unsuspecting prisoner. It was afterwards said that Tanner should not have made use of that rather French method of entrapping a criminal.

Mr. Flower at the end of this evidence, which closed the case for the prosecution, said, "Franz Muller, I am about to commit you for trial. As a matter of form I have to ask you if you have anything to say, but as you have a legal adviser I suppose that you will say nothing."

Muller stood up and advanced to the front of the dock, and, having bowed to the magistrate, he replied, "No, sir, I have nothing to say now," putting great emphasis on the "now." The witnesses were then called into court and bound over to appear at the Central Criminal Court on October 24 and give evidence, after which Mr. Flowers committed Muller for trial.

Throughout the whole examination Muller never seemed at all embarrassed, and from time to time chatted with Mr. Beard. He had apparently got used to being stared at and did not seem in the least self-conscious.

As soon as he was committed for trial he was taken into a cell and asked to change his clothes, as it was thought advisable that all his garments should be examined for bloodstains. Muller readily assented and stripped, then, when the new clothes were given to him, it was found that his trousers would not stay on, as he was not accustomed to wear braces, so his departure had to be delayed a few minutes while braces were procured and some trifling alterations made in the garments. He was then given some refreshment and driven off to Newgate.

The man in the street soon heard that the "Railway Murderer" had been committed for trial, and an enormous crowd rapidly collected and hooted the prisoner as he was driven from the police court. It had not been anticipated that the magisterial inquiry would have been concluded so rapidly, and several persons had engaged windows for the following day, while actually excursions from the country had been arranged for by enterprising coach proprietors.

On the following day Muller was taken to Hackney to be present at the conclusion of the coroner's inquest, when a verdict of "Wilful Murder" was returned against him. Public interest had now about reached its zenith. At every street corner hawkers sold "The Only True and Authentic Picture of Muller. One Penny." Every little shop supplied "The Real Life and History of Muller, the Murderer," and comic singers did not hesitate to introduce him into their songs. A collection of the "True Portraits" was made, when it was found that nearly every celebrity of the day, from the Prime Minister and Archbishop of Canterbury to the eminent scientists and popular pugilists, was represented as Muller, while actual portraits of the murderer were conspicuous by their absence.

When the Sessions of the Central Criminal Court opened on the 24th of October, the crowd of persons anxious to gain admittance to the Old Bailey was unprecedented. Barristers, solicitors, doctors, merchants, struggled with one another to pass the outer door, only to find that an inner guard had been posted and that they could not obtain a seat. To accommodate as many persons as possible the under-sheriffs had issued an order that no counsel or solicitors engaged in any other cause were to be admitted, but they could not exclude the members of the Bar who were not so engaged, and the well of the court was packed an hour before the judges took their seats on the Bench. For the benefit of ladies who wished to gloat over the wretched murderer special galleries were erected, to which admission was strictly by ticket. As the persons engaged in the trial drove up to the doors of the court they were greeted with cheers by the crowd, and possibly the most popular man of the lot was the cabman. But fair play was given to the defence, and there was quite a rush to see Mr. Beard, the solicitor for the prisoner, and Mr. Serjeant Parry, who defended him.

At a few minutes before ten the Recorder took his seat and charged the grand jury, pointing out the salient facts of the case and strongly recommending them to find a true bill. That was on the Monday, and it was not till the Wednesday that a true bill was returned and the trial definitely fixed for the following day. During the three days' wait the crowd maintained its place, hoping that by some stroke of good fortune they might gain admittance; few, however, did so. Even members of the Press had great difficulty in enforcing their claim to be present in the interests of the public, and while some papers had not a single representative in the court, other minor journals were given tickets for three or four reporters.

On the 27th there was a brilliant array on the Bench, the Lord Chief Baron Pollock and Baron Martin being the judges and being accompanied by the entire court of aldermen with the Lord Mayor and sheriffs at their head. The prisoner entered the dock punctually at ten, and the charge was read to him. He pleaded "Not Guilty," and

the Clerk of the Court then rose and told him that as a foreigner he had a right to be tried by a jury composed of half Germans and half Englishmen, or by a jury composed solely of Englishmen. Mr. Serjeant Parry at once rose and said that he had consulted his client, and he would prefer to be tried by Englishmen. The panel of jurymen was then called, and Serjeant Parry demanded that the entire panel should be put in for the jury to be selected from, and not a few jurors only. The judges consulted on this point and said that the prisoner was entitled to have the choice from the entire panel, which was accordingly summoned. Two or three names were called out, and as they all came from the same district, Mr. Serjeant Parry again jumped up and asked to be allowed to choose jurors at random and not have them called in regular order. More time was wasted over this point, and at last Baron Martin announced that the serjeant was not entitled to that latitude, but that he thought the matter could be arranged by calling a few jurors from each of the five counties which send prisoners for trial at the Old Bailey. This was agreed to, and the work of selecting the jury commenced.

Each side freely challenged, and it appeared that the prosecution did not want to have any bootmakers or tailors on the jury, while the defence objected strongly to publicans and butchers, so that it was eleven o'clock before the trial really opened.

The Crown sent a formidable array of counsel to prosecute. The leader was the Solicitor-General (Sir R. P. Collier), who was supported by Serjeant Ballantyne, Mr. Hannen, Mr. Giffard, and Mr. Beasley, of which list of barristers the first four became judges. Serjeant Parry had Mr. Metcalf and Mr. Besley with him for the defence.

The prisoner stood up during the Solicitor-General's speech for the Crown, and appeared to pay very great attention to it, making numerous little memoranda which he handed to his lawyer when the counsel stopped speaking. Sir R. Collier laid great stress on several points, notably on the falsity of the prisoner's account as to purchasing a chain and ring, and on the alteration of the hat which Mr. Digance swore was made for Mr. Briggs. "Why should Muller cut down the crown of the hat?" asked the learned advocate. "Was it because he preferred a low-crowned hat? Clearly not, for his own hat had a very high crown. But remember that inside the crown was the name of Mr. Briggs, and that was a dangerous name for a man to have in his hat, if he knew that Mr. Briggs had met his death by foul means. Again Muller was wearing that very hat on the Monday after the murder was committed." The Solicitor-General spoke briefly, and after telling the jury that it was useless in a murder case to expect direct evidence in support since rarely is a murderer caught red-handed, he commenced to call evidence in support of the case.

Mr. Buchan gave the same evidence as he had given before the magistrate, and then his wife was called and asked by Serjeant Parry if she had ever heard Mr. Briggs threatened. "Not personally, but on several occasions to third parties," replied Mrs. Buchan.

"Was he threatened because he would not lend money?" continued the counsel.

"I object to that question!" shouted the Solicitor-General. Whereupon the judges consulted again and decided that the question might fairly be put, but Serjeant Parry said that the matter was really of no great importance, and waived his right.

The guard of the train after stating his share in the tragedy was sharply cross-examined by Serjeant Parry, who strove to prove that there was not sufficient time for the murder to have been committed between Bow and Hackney Wick Station. The guard declared that on the night of the murder only three and a-half minutes were occupied in going from one station to the other. This witness was followed by the people who found the body and by the constable who was first called. From the latter Serjeant Parry elicited the fact that the time during which the murder was committed must have been very short, as the body was lying only half a mile from the station at Bow and within 700 yards of Victoria Park Station. The medical men next described the injuries, which comprised no less than five severe wounds on the head, one of which fractured the skull. The last blow must have been a very heavy one, for a triangular piece of bone had been driven into the brain. That blow was undoubtedly caused by a blunt instrument. The only wound which was caused by the fall from the carriage was the one which cut the ear nearly off. It would not have proved fatal under ordinary circumstances. One of the doctors who had made the most minute examination of the carriage said that spots of brain matter as large as sixpences could be seen on the window of the carriage at the spot where Mr. Briggs had sat and that that brain substance could only have got there if a very heavy blow was struck on the top of the head. From that he thought that the blow on the top of the head was the first one struck.

When Inspector Kerressey had been examined, Serjeant Parry asked him if he had heard from people that Mr. Briggs was seen alive at Bow Station. To this question

"Portrait of Muller; a penny!"

the counsel for the Crown objected, and Baron Martin pointed out that if hearsay evidence was admitted in a case of this sort the trial would never be ended.

The witnesses Blyth and Repsch gave the evidence which we already know, and the Serjeant could not make them alter a word of their statements, and they were succeeded by Haffa and the jeweller Death, after which the court rose for the night.

Next morning after the pawnbrokers with whom the various articles had been pledged had been examined, Matthews was called, and the counsel for the defence tried to discredit the cabman. Serjeant Parry attempted to prove that Matthews had made a totally different statement before the magistrates from the account he was then giving, but the only point on which he could lay hands was the fact that Matthews now was able to remember dates which he could not do before. "And why is that?" asked Serjeant Parry. "Well, I have found an old notebook in which I used to enter things," replied Matthews. "Oh, that is how it happened, is it? Well, what were you doing at Norwich in 1850?" pursued the advocate. Whereupon

Matthews explained that when he was at Norwich he used to drive a coach. One day, being young and foolish, he went on the spree and did not turn up with the coach for three days. He was prosecuted for larceny because there was a rug and one spur in the rumble of the coach, and he was sent to hard labour for three weeks. He had never been in trouble since. He had never been a bankrupt, but he was in debt and could not pay.

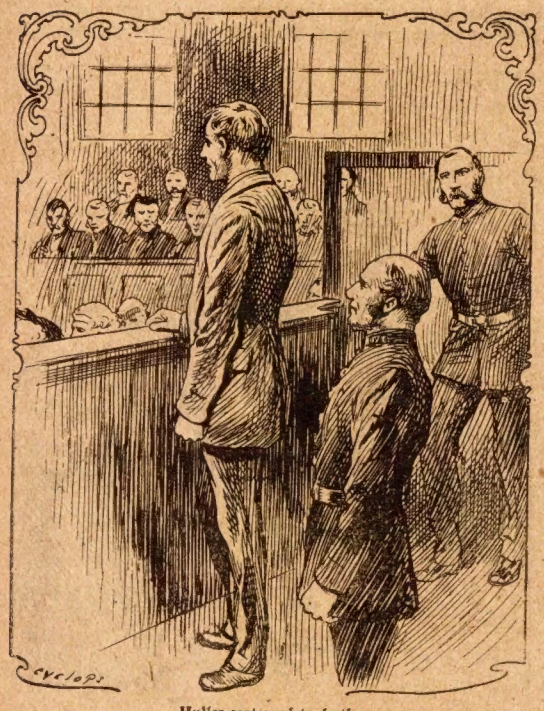
Serjeant Parry: "Do you expect any portion of the reward?"

Cabby: "I do not understand you."

Serjeant: "You are the only person in this court that does not understand. Now, do you expect to get any part of the reward for the discovery of the murderer of Mr. Briggs?"

Cabby: "When I have done my duty to my country, if I am thought deserving of it."

Serjeant: "Have you not told some of your creditors



Muller sentenced to death.

that when you get a portion of the reward you will pay them?"

Cabby: "I have not."

Serjeant: "But you expect a portion of the reward?"

Cabby: "Yes."

Serjeant: "Well, why did you not say so before?"

The cabby was then taken over his depositions again, and the Chief Baron had to point out that there was no material difference in his accounts. Matthews was followed by the hatters and the detectives, who repeated their previous evidence, and also by one or two fellow-employees of Muller's who merely identified him, and that closed the case for the prosecution, and Mr. Serjeant Parry rose for the defence, and certainly tried to make the most of his brief, though following on the tradition of the Old Bailey, so ably advocated by Mr. Tony Weller, his defence was an alibi.

He commenced by pointing out to the jury the unfair way in which his client had been virtually tried and condemned already by the sensational Press of the country, and begged them to cast from their minds any impressions which they might have received before they came into court. He then started to discredit the evidence of the prosecution. He said that Mrs. Repsch and the cabby had both recognised the hat found in the railway carriage. That the former said she recognised it by the lining, which was of rather a peculiar pattern, while the latter declared that it was the same pattern hat as his own, and recognised it by the shape. Now Matthews had admitted that he had lost the hat which he got from Walker's shop, and he (Mr. Parry) would ask the jury if it was not quite within the bounds of possibility that the hat found in the train was Matthews's old hat done up again, though he declared that it had been crushed. They should also remember that Mrs. Repsch could not even tell them what the lining of her own husband's hat was like and that, therefore, her statement was not very weighty. With regard to Mr. Briggs's hat, which it is said Muller was wearing, he pointed out to the jury that no one had been able to prove that Mr. Briggs had not discarded the hat and that it had reached Petticoat Lane in a legitimate way, and that the prisoner's account of how he came into possession of it was perfectly true. At any rate, it was quite a probable explanation, and as the prosecution had not called any definite evidence to prove that Mr. Briggs was actually wearing that particular hat on that evening his client was entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

He admitted that his client had foolishly told lies about where he got the watch, but he thought that it was probably due to the fact that one naturally would regard with suspicion a deal in jewellery on the London Dockhead. The papers had called Muller a fugitive from justice, but he was not really so, since he had stated his intention of going to America some time before the crime was committed, and Mrs. Blyth and Repsch had both sworn to that. Besides the two witnesses which he proposed to put in the box to absolutely prove his client's innocence he would remind the jury that it was physically impossible for Muller to have murdered Mr. Briggs. The deceased man was at least two inches taller than he was, weighed twelve stone, and was, though well on in years, an exceedingly powerful man. Compared to Mr. Briggs, Muller was a mere stripling, and he contended that it was impossible for his client to have killed a powerful man like Mr. Briggs, dragged his body across the carriage, thrown it out on to the line, and cleaned his hands in the short space of time in which it is alleged the murder was committed, for Mr. Lee would swear that Mr. Briggs was alive and well when he saw him at Bow Station.

Now for what Muller was doing on the night of the outrage. He had told his landlady that he was going to see his sweetheart, but he did not go there. Instead he went to see a woman of the town who lodged in the house of a woman whose name was given as Jones or Johnson, but he believed the latter was her real name, and that Mr. Johnson lived on the immoral earnings of three girls who lodged in the house. On the night of the 9th, about nine o'clock at night, Muller called and asked for the girl Eldred. She was not at home, but when she returned Mrs. Johnson told her that "her Frenchman," by which name she called Muller, had been to see her, and later that evening Eldred received a telegram from "her Frenchman" making an appointment for the following day. The telegram was signed A. G. Strangham, but a name is nothing in such transactions. After saying that he deplored that he would not have the right to reply to them he said that he would call his witnesses next day, and closed his speech.

On the following morning, true to his promise, Serjeant Parry called the "unfortunate" Eldred, who said that she was regularly engaged in immoral traffic at the house of Johnson, and that he had a share of her earnings, as also of those of the other girls. She thought it was on the 9th of July that Mrs. Jones told her that her "Frenchman" had called for her. It was somewhere about nine, she believed, as she got in about an hour later. She could not swear that the telegram was from Muller, as she did not know him by name, but she thought it was. Cross-examined, she could not remember exactly whether it was

not earlier than ten when she came in. She did not look at a clock. She could not be positive about it, but she thought that he came then. Mrs. Jones repeated the same story, but the Solicitor-General failed to get anything definite out of her. She seemed to have original methods of judging the time by the hours at which her girls went out.

Mr. Lee was called to confirm the evidence which he gave before the coroner, and felt sure that he saw Mr. Briggs on the night of the outrage and spoke to him. He was positive on the matter, and refused to believe that he might have seen him on another night and mistaken the date. The gentleman gave way to a string of second-hand hatters who had been called by Serjeant Parry to state that in the old clothes trade it was not unusual for hat brims to be sewn on instead of fastened with paste and size, and with the evidence of a 'bus conductor who could not recognise the prisoner but remembered a man getting on to his 'bus wearing a slipper on his left foot, about the time

THE SCENE AT MULLER'S EXECUTION.

of the murder, completed the witnesses for Muller, and the Solicitor-General rose to address the jury.

Sir R. Collier was very scathing in his summing up of the story for the defence. He laughed at the alibi and said that the excellent character of the brothel where Muller was said to have been at nine o'clock was quite enough to taint the evidence. Still, even if Muller was there at the time specified, he would have had ample time to get to Fenchurch Street Station before the train in which the crime was committed left. Mr. Lee's evidence he stigmatised as worthless and improbable, and declared that he was mistaken as to the night. Then he left the matter in the hands of the jury and asked them to convict.

Chief Baron Pollock summed up at some length, merely reviewing the history of the case in that cool, dry way for which he was noted. If the jury believed the evidence of Eldred, and he would point out that the only means she had of knowing the time was that she usually went out about nine, and told them more that she did not recollect about the evening than what she did remember, then, of course, the prisoner must have the benefit of the doubt. If they were wise they would disregard the evidence of Johnson, who was a member of the vilest trade on earth. If they believed the story of Repsch, Digance, Matthews, and Death, then he thought that the prisoner was guilty, but if those witnesses had not spoken the truth then the prisoner was innocent. He would read them the whole of the evidence if they would like. The jury declined to hear it a second time, and the Lord Chief Baron said that they were the arbitrators of the case and begged the jury to disregard any expressions of opinion which he might have let fall. Then he dismissed them to their duties.

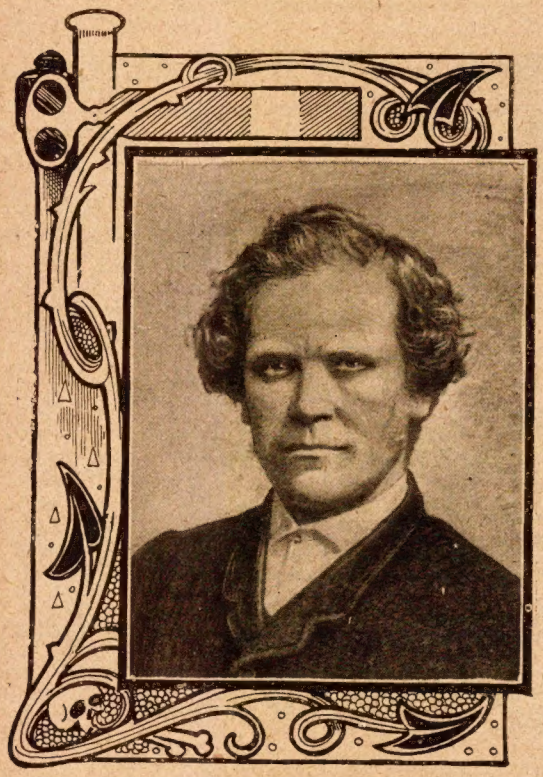
Fifteen minutes was all the time the jury required to consider their verdict. After their names had been called over, they were asked what they found and they said "Guilty." Muller was then asked if he had anything to say why he should not be condemned to die according to law, and he replied, "I have nothing to say." Baron Martin then, as junior judge, assumed the black cap, and, addressing the convicted murderer, said:

"Prisoner at the bar, it is the practice of the judges to state their opinion on the verdict. My brother the Chief Baron concurs with me in the verdict of the jury, and I mention this that you may not entertain a hope of not having the sentence carried out, and that you may prepare yourself to leave the world very shortly by a violent death. I have no doubt Mrs. Jones is mistaken as to the time you were with her. I have no doubt, moved by the devil, with a desire to go to America, you murdered this gentleman, and then took his watch and chain. The sentence of this court is that you be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and from there to a place of execution, and that there you be hanged by the neck until you be dead, and after you are dead your body be buried in the precincts of the gaol in which you were last confined before your execution. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!" To which the chaplain added "Amen!" Muller turned quietly to the warders in the dock and said mournfully: "I was quite prepared for the verdict, it is in accordance with the law, but I have been convicted on false testimony." He then descended the steps and disappeared

from sight till the day when he made his last public appearance before the debtors' door at Newgate.

Strenuous efforts were made to obtain a commutation of the death sentence by the whole German community, headed by the German Legal Protection Committee. Meetings were held all over London, witnesses were haled before magistrates to make declarations, all of which were filed, and an elaborate petition got up for presentation to the Home Secretary, Sir George Grey. The matter was thoroughly sifted, a special Cabinet meeting being held at which the two judges expressed their opinion, and in the end the Home Secretary declared that there was no ground for interfering with the due course of the law.

Muller while awaiting his last hour turned very devout, and a clergyman named Battiscombe had long interviews with him and tried to get him to confess the justice of his sentence, but Muller remained obdurate, saying that if he did so he would go to his grave with a lie on his lips.



MULLER, THE MURDERER.

From a photo taken by the New York Police.

"Confession would not save me," said the pious murderer, "but would I lose all hope of future mercy by refusing to confess this sin if I were guilty of it? How can I, to satisfy others, confess a crime I have not committed?"

This spirit Muller kept up, saying that if he was guilty he would not hesitate to confess. As the day of execution approached preparations on a large scale were made in Newgate Street, for it was feared that the crowd would be abnormal. Barriers were erected and pens constructed to keep the people apart, but, alas! the very means of protection were found out to be the chief cause of danger.

At eight o'clock on Monday morning, November 7, 1864, to the accompaniment of the tolling of St. Sepulchre's bell, Muller stepped out of the debtors' door on to the scaffold. He was greeted with furious shouts and yells from the largest crowd ever assembled in Newgate Street to witness an execution. He was attended by a German pastor, and paid great attention to his ministrations. The sheriffs and Governor Jones were also on the scaffold. The last preparations were rapidly made and the warders who supported the wretched criminal stole from off the drop as Calcraft went back to the lever. Just as the bolt was being withdrawn Muller was heard to say something, but his words were cut short by the thud of his falling body. Those who stood on the scaffold were divided in their opinions as to what the culprit said, some declaring that he ejaculated "I did it," while others say that his last words were "I did not do it." Anyhow, Muller carried the secret to the grave with him. At the moment the drop fell the crowd became unmanageable in their wild frenzy for the blood of the murderer. The barriers acted like death-traps, and several persons were crushed to death, while the roll of injured attended to at St. Bartholomew's Hospital was very large.

After hanging the customary hour, Muller's corpse was cut down and conveyed into the prison for burial, and thus passed away from human sight one of the most cold-blooded murderers of modern times, but his case is instructive, for the fatal folly of the murderer is well displayed in all Muller's actions.

A Curious Defence.

DEFENDING a prisoner from a charge of receiving money, knowing it to be stolen, his legal adviser replied:

"I contend that this is a false charge, and must, therefore, be dismissed, for the prisoner did not receive the money knowing it to be stolen, for he was himself the thief. He stole the money, and therefore cannot be tried for receiving it."

Thomas Craddock, who knew the criminal, says:

"The judge was confounded, the spectators excited, and the ultimate decision was that the defence was soundly lawful and discharged the thief!"

From King to King.

DURING the reign of King George III. a man whose name was George King was convicted in Dublin of a capital felony. He drew up a lengthy memorial to the king, and, in company with it, forwarded the following lines:

George King to King George sends his humble petition,
In the hope that King George pities George King's condition,
If King George to George King will grant a long day,
George King for King George ever will pray!

The man was pardoned.

A Wonderful Fact.

THE following narrative was repeated by the Cardinal Doria Pemphilly before the Queen of Naples and her court as being true. A criminal was condemned to be broken on the wheel at Dijon, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The surgeons petitioned the king to permit them to have his living body for surgical experiments, with the condemned man's consent, on condition of being set free if he survived. His arms and legs were cut off in separate fragments, and to study bleeding the body was immersed in the styptic. This stopped the flow of blood, the wounds were healed, and the victim set free to go to his friends. He eventually became one of the wealthiest, most respected, and useful of Dijon's citizens. Married, he had a loving wife and a large family, and nearly all of them grew up to fill positions of honour and importance in their native city.

The Doctor's Legal Knowledge.

DR. PECK, of Trinity College, Dublin, was renowned for his knowledge of parish law, and was regarded in his neighbourhood as a marvel of legal knowledge. It was his custom to draw from the judges who came to the assizes their opinions on many of the moot points in the Poor Laws which vexed country lawyers. The cleverest thing he did, however, was the arriving at a solution of a long-standing mystery in Cambridgeshire and the surrounding country. It was a widespread belief that when a person had been bitten by a mad dog, and symptoms of hydrophobia showed themselves, the relatives of the suffering person were justified, if not actually bound, to smother the patient between two feather beds. The question was put to the judges by Dr. Peck in a most adroit way, and after a skilful preamble. Their answer was that "Persons acting thus would undoubtedly be guilty of murder." When the doctor received this answer he took great care to have it published all about the country as a discovery of the greatest importance, and as something hitherto known only to himself. The poor, ignorant villagers, when they heard of it, were exceedingly rejoiced and relieved, and the fame of the doctor as a legal luminary was greater than ever.

The Brutal Murder of Paul I., Czar of Russia.

HOW A MAD EMPEROR WAS SLAIN BY THE NOBLES OF HIS COURT . . .

"The man was noble,
But with this last attempt he wiped it out;
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Coriolanus," Act V., Sc. 3.

FIRST, a word as to the term "assassin." About the year 1090 A.D. there arose in Persia a famous fanatical sect of Mohammedans, which was an offshoot of the Shias, one of the two great branches of the Islamite faith. In process of time this sect sent colonies into Syria and to Kerbetâ, where it established itself among the mountains of Lebanon, and became possessed of a considerable tract of land, extending from Antioch to Damascus. The remnants of this people still exist, and have their chief seat at Kalat-el-Masryad, in Persia, and some of them are also scattered about the mountains of Tripoli. The first chief and legislator of this extraordinary tribe was one Hassan Ben Sabah, a subtle impostor, who, by his artifices, made implicit slaves of his subjects. To this monarch the Orientals gave the name of Sheikh-el-Jebelz; but he is better known in Europe by the name of the Old Man of the Mountain.

This chief, from his residence on Mount Lebanon, like a vindictive deity, with the thunderbolt in his hand, sent inevitable death to all quarters of the world; so that from one end of the earth to the other, caliphs, emperors, sultans, kings, princes, Christians, Mohammedans, and Jews, every nation and people, execrated and dreaded his sanguinary power.

The instruments of his wrath, whenever it was aroused, were the young men of the tribe, whose training made them the most willing tools. It was accomplished in this way: When the "Old Man" noted that a likely youngster had grown to be of an age when his senses had sufficiently developed themselves to be appreciative, he took him to his palace, and there plied him with a species of intoxicant derived from the plant known as *Cannabis indica*, or Indian hemp. This decoction in Persic is called Hacchisshin, whence in a corrupted form we have "assassin." As soon as the youth had been drugged into a state wherein everything appeared to him in the most roseate hues, he was conducted to the gardens of the palace, where lovely girls awaited him to minister to his sensual appetites. He was there given a foretaste of the Mohammedan Paradise, and ever longing for a repetition of that visit to the gardens of the houris, there was no act which he would not commit at the bidding of his chief. Death he despised, for what was life compared to the delights he would achieve hereafter, when the bliss of those short days in the palace of the Sheikh would be his to all eternity? Thus was the neophyte gulled into submitting to the despotism of the monster who ruled in Lebanon, and thus he became one of that terrible brotherhood known throughout Europe as "Assassins," of whom every sovereign went in fear, and to whom kings and princes paid secret tribute for the safety of their persons.

In modern days, of course, the word "assassin" applies merely to a person who kills another with the advantage either of an inequality in the weapons, or by means of the situation of the place, or by attacking him unawares. In this relation it is generally used when speaking of the death by murderous violence of princes, potentates, and superior personages; and in this sense the words "assassin" and "assassination" will be used by us when writing of such deeds.

Paul Petrovitch, son of Peter III., who was the grandson of Peter the Great, had a most illustrious mother in the person of Catherine II., Empress of Russia, who reigned in her own right from the date of her husband's assassination—to which she was supposed to have been privy—in 1764, till 1796. On the death of this masterful woman, if one may use the term, her son, who had been kept in obscurity during her lifetime, ascended the Russian throne under the title of Paul I. His father, during his short reign of six months, had proved himself to be but a little way removed from an imbecile, and had made himself obnoxious to his people by his servile imitation of German manners and customs, more especially in the army, and to his wife by his infidelity.

On his removal by Alexis Orlof, which may form the subject of a future article, and the assumption of the imperial dignity by Catherine, the son was kept in a state of the most abject and mortifying separation from Court, and in almost total ignorance of the affairs of the empire. Paul was forty-two years of age at the death of his mother, who, it is believed, was aware of his mental incapacity, and desired him to be passed over in the succession in favour of the Grand Duke Alexander. Plato Zuboff, however, the last favourite of the deceased Empress, seeing prosperity for himself under a weak-brained czar, whose actions he could influence, at once set about placing Paul upon the throne of his mother. The day following Catherine's death, Paul made his public entry into St. Petersburg, amidst the acclamations of all ranks of people.

The favourite was rewarded by permission to retain the wealth and honours heaped upon him by his late mistress, while a general and rapid dispersion took place among the other adherents of the deceased sovereign.

One of the first acts of Paul shadows forth the insanity which became more apparent as the years rolled on. He ordered the corpse of his father, Peter III., to be removed from the sepulchre in which it had been deposited in the Church of St. Alexander Nefsky, solemnly crowned it, and caused it to lie in state for three weeks, while it was watched day and night by the only two remaining conspirators who had assisted at the assassination. After this dreadful mark of his justice on the murderers of his fathers, surely more terrible to the guilty mind than death itself, he consigned the ashes to the sepulchre of Catherine II. in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, obliging the assassins to walk in the procession as chief mourners.

Nothing could possibly have established the insanity of the unfortunate Czar more surely than a paragraph which appeared in the "Hamburg Gazette" of the 16th of January, 1801. It was dated from Petersburg, the 30th of December, 1800, and is as follows:

> "We learn from Petersburg, that the Emperor of Russia, finding that the Powers of Europe cannot agree among themselves, and being desirous to put an end to a war which has desolated it for eleven years past, intends to point out a spot to which he will invite all the other sovereigns to repair, and fight in single combat; bringing with them, as seconds and squires, their most enlightened ministers, and their most able generals, such as Messrs. Thugot, Pitt, and Bernstorff, and that the Emperor himself proposes being attended by Generals Count de Pahlen and Khutosoff. We know not if this report be worthy of credit; however, the thing appears not destitute of some foundation, and bears strong marks of what he has been often taxed with."

This paragraph was immediately copied or translated into all the public papers, and it was strongly affirmed by many that it was the composition of Paul himself. This has since been confirmed by the poet Kotzebue, who was employed by the Emperor of Russia to translate the original into German, for the express purpose of its being inserted in the "Hamburg Gazette."

This was not the only mark of mental derangement displayed by the unhappy monarch. The army, which formed his favourite employment, was tormented by incessant caprices affecting its discipline; and the Press, the native Russians, and the resident foreigners, suffered tyrannical and unaccountable restrictions. His favours and his displeasure were alternately experienced by some of his most distinguished courtiers and adherents. Stanislas, the deposed king of Poland, partook by turns of his beneficence and his severity; and at length, on the death of that monarch, Paul assisted at his funeral, commanded in person the guards that attended on the ceremony, and uncovering himself with the

utmost emotion, saluted the coffin as it passed. To the memory of the aged Suwaroff, who is said to have fallen a broken-hearted victim to the distraction of his imperial master, he raised a colossal statue of bronze; and on the days when he reviewed his troops in the square where the figure had been erected, he used to command them to march by in open order and face the monument.

Notwithstanding the important service which had been rendered him by Zuboff, the Emperor soon became disgusted with him; spoke of him to his friends with great asperity; at length denounced him as a defaulter to the imperial treasury of half-a-million roubles; and, convinced of the justice of the allegation, proceeded to sequestrate the vast estates which belonged to him and his two brothers. Driven to desperation by such conduct, the second brother of the favourite one day walked up boldly to the Emperor upon the parade, and with manly eloquence represented the injustice of his measures. Paul received him without anger, heard him without interruption, and returned the property; but soon afterwards he

Cut the poor fellow down.

ordered Plato Zuboff to reside on his estate, though he again restored him to favour.

It is not surprising that these instances of folly and caprice should alarm and disgust many of the nobles, in particular, Count Pahlen, the governor of St. Petersburg, who, with some other men of rank, entered into a confederacy with Zuboff and his brothers for removing the Emperor. In their conferences, which were managed with great prudence and discretion, it was resolved that Paul should die, and that the day of the festival called Maslaintza, the 11th of March (old style), 1801, should be the day for executing the awful deed.

At the time of this plot, the Emperor and his family resided in the new Palace of St. Michael, an enormous quadrangular pile standing at the bottom of the summer gardens. Paul being anxious to inhabit this palace soon after he was crowned, the masons, carpenters, and various artificers toiled with incredible labour, by day and by torchlight, under the sultry sun of the summer, and in all the severity of a polar winter; and in three years this enormous and magnificent fabric was completed. The whole is moated round; and when the stranger surveys its bastions of granite, and numerous draw-bridges, he is naturally led to conclude that it was intended as a last asylum of a prince at war with his subjects. Those who have seen its massive walls, and the capaciousness and variety of its chambers, will easily admit that an act of violence might be committed in one room, and not be heard by those who occupy the adjoining one; and that a massacre might be perpetrated at one end, and not known at the other.

Paul took possession of this palace as a place of strength, and beheld it with rapture, because his imperial mother had never even seen it. While his family were here, endeavouring to soothe by every act of tenderness the terrible perturbation of his distraught mind, there were not wanting those who exerted every stratagem to inflame and increase it. These people were constantly insinuating that every hand was armed against him. With this impression, which added fuel to his burning brain, he ordered a secret staircase to be constructed, which, leading from his own chamber, passed under a false stove in the ante-room, and led by a small door to the terrace.

It was the custom of the Emperor to sleep in an apartment next to the Empress's upon a sofa, in his regimentals and boots, while the grand duke and duchess, and the rest of the imperial family, were lodged at various distances, in rooms below the storey which he occupied. On the 10th of March, the day preceding the fatal night, whether Paul's apprehension, or anonymous information, suggested the idea, is not known; but conceiving that a storm was ready to burst upon him, he sent for Count Pahlen.

"I am informed," said the Emperor, "that there is a conspiracy on foot against me; do you think it necessary to take any precaution?"

The count, without betraying the least emotion, replied: "Sire, do not suffer such apprehensions to haunt your mind; if there were any combinations forming against your majesty's person, I am sure I should be acquainted with it."

"Then I am satisfied," said the Emperor; and the governor withdrew.

Before Paul retired to rest, he, beyond his usual custom, expressed the most tender solicitude for the Empress and the children, kissed them with all the warmth of farewell fondness, and remained with them for a considerable time. He afterwards visited the sentinels at their different posts, and then retired to his chamber. Soon after the Emperor had retired, the guard that was always placed at his chamber door was, on some pretext, changed by the officers who had the command for the night, and who were engaged in the conspiracy. One man only remained. This was a hussar whom the Emperor had honoured with particular marks of attention, and who always slept at night in the ante-chamber, at his sovereign's bedroom door. This faithful soldier it was found impossible to remove, except by force, which, at that time, the conspirators did not think proper to employ.

Silence now reigned throughout the palace, disturbed only by the pacing of the sentinels, or by the distant murmurs of the Neva, and only a few straggling lights were to be seen, irregularly gleaming through the windows of the palace. In the dead of the night Zuboff and his friends, amounting to eight or nine persons, passed the drawbridge, ascended the staircase that led to the Emperor's apartments, and met with no opposition till they reached the ante-chamber, where the faithful hussar, awakened by the noise, challenged them and presented his fusil. Though they must have admired the brave fidelity of the guard, neither time nor circumstances would admit of an act of generosity which might have endangered their whole plan of operations. Zuboff, therefore, drew his sabre and cut the poor fellow down.

In the meantime Paul, roused by the unusual bustle, sprang from his couch. At this moment the whole party rushed into his chamber. The unhappy sovereign, anticipating their design, at first endeavoured to entrench himself behind the chairs and tables, but, soon recovering some share of his natural courage, he assumed a high tone, told them they were his prisoners, and required them to surrender. Finding that they fixed their eyes steadily and fiercely upon him and continued to advance, he implored them to spare his life, declared his willingness instantly to relinquish the sceptre and to accept of any terms which they might dictate. He even offered to make them princes and confer on them orders and estates.

Regardless alike of his threats and promises, they now began to press on him, when he made a convulsive effort to reach the window, but failed in the attempt; and, indeed, had he succeeded in his endeavour to escape that way, the height from the window to the ground was so great that the expedient would probably have only put a more speedy period to his existence. As the conspirators drew him back he grasped a chair, with which he knocked down one of the assailants, and a desperate conflict now took place. So

great was the noise that, notwithstanding the massive walls and double-folding doors that divided Paul's apartments from those of the Empress, she was disturbed, and began to call for help, when a voice whispered in her ear, commanding her to remain quiet, and threatening that if she uttered another word she should instantly be put to death.

Paul was now making his last struggle, when one of the party struck him on the temple with his fist, and laid him prostrate on the floor. Recovering from the blow, the unhappy monarch again implored his life.

At this moment the heart of one of the conspirators relented, and he was observed to hesitate and tremble, when a young Hanoverian, who was present, exclaimed:

"We have passed the Rubicon; if we spare his life we shall before the setting of to-morrow's sun become his victims."

On saying which he took off his sash, turned it twice round the naked neck of the Emperor, and, giving one end to Zuboff, he himself drew the other; till the object of their attack expired.

Thus perished Paul I., Czar of all the Russias. Demented from his birth, and son of an almost imbecile father, one would have thought the conspirators might have found a more simple way of getting rid of him than strangulation. One has, however, to bear in mind that Russia has always been behindhand in civilisation, and that a hundred years ago, despite the strides made under the governments of Peter the Great, Catherine I., and Catherine II., the Russian nobles had hardly emerged from the barbarism of their Tartar forefathers. To such people assassination was the easiest solution of the question: How to relieve themselves of a mad monarch? In Russia the Czar is absolute, and there is no legal authority by which he could possibly be dethroned. In England, when George III. went mad, we appointed a Prince Regent to take his place and perform all necessary public functions, though it is debateable whether in that instance a mad monarch would not have been preferable to a spendthrift and blackguard as regent.

Following upon the assassination of his father, the Grand Duke Alexander was immediately proclaimed Emperor, and inaugurated his reign by the most sweeping reforms and an exhibition of lenity to all those who had been harshly dealt with by Paul, which, by some writers, has been regarded as pusillanimous. To the ringleaders of the plot against his predecessor he was so lenient that many have suspected that he was privy to the affair. Zuboff was merely ordered not to approach the imperial residence, while the governor of St. Petersburg, Count Pahlen, was transferred to Riga. This strange tenderness towards the men who had committed such a terrible crime has been much commented upon by historians of the Russian Empire, the detractors of Alexander asserting that he was so deeply immeshed in the conspiracy as to be powerless to pronounce a more severe sentence upon those who had helped him to the throne, while his panegyrists as strongly maintain that he was animated by a just and righteous determination to modify the tyranny which had, up till then, been the real basis of Russian rule. Whatever may have been the Czar's actual reasons, it is noteworthy that the assassins were not long in imperial disfavour.

GIVING ONE END TO ZUBOFF HE DREW THE OTHER HIMSELF.

Nicely Put.

Sir Richard Bethell was in the habit, when in consultation with a client, of indulging in an argument of some length, and was annoyed if, in the course of his monologue, he was interrupted. On one occasion a solicitor's clerk corrected him as to a date, which was of no consequence whatever, but as it was done somewhat abruptly the lawyer paused a moment, and looked at his interrupter significantly, but without expressing any displeasure, or, indeed, making any remark. A little later another interruption occurred, the same clerk again correcting him in some trifling matter. Sir Richard then, in the blandest tones, addressed the young man as follows: "I hear someone trying that door; will you have the goodness just to step out for a little and turn the key on the outside, so that we may not be disturbed?"

The Escape of Don Estevan de Xeres.

A STORY OF THE INQUISITION.

"Let no adversity tear off the wings of Hope,
Neither let prosperity obscure the light of prudence."
—BLAIR, "On Hope."

PART II.

FEARLESS and determined, Zamora, after the encouragement and promised aid he had received from the French Consul, determined to make a bold stroke to begin with. Immediately he left his new friend he proceeded to the Holy Office, and, early as the hour was—for it was not yet ten o'clock in the forenoon—knocked for admission, requesting to be permitted to speak with the Grand Inquisitor.

The attendant at the gate surveyed him with blank astonishment. He looked upon a call by a stranger at such an hour in the morning to seek an interview with his holiness as little short of sacrilege. Zamora had taken care to attire himself as a menial, so the guard was about shutting the door upon him, when one of the alcaids happened to come up, demanding to know his business and upon whose part had he come. Zamora, without hesitation, told them that he was once servant to Don Estevan, and that he had come to see his eminence relative to the charges made against his master.

In an instant their manner changed towards him, and he was requested to enter and take a seat in the hall. In a few minutes the alcaid returned, saying, "His eminence is engaged at the present moment, but he has commanded me to conduct you to his private secretary, the Right Rev. Father Juan Maria, of the most illustrious order of St. Dominic, to give you an audience."

Zamora, without nervousness, but steeling himself for the first move that was to bid for his master's liberty or result in death, followed his guide into the privacy of the Inquisition. He certainly was not as yet impressed with the horrors of the place, for he was conducted through several magnificently-furnished apartments, everything surrounding indicating luxury and ease. Entering the secretary's room, he found him reclining upon a couch. Turning to Zamora, he said, "Well, my son, you belong to this wretch Estevan? He is a great sinner, is he not? He is a new Christian, his mother was a Jewess, don't you say so? Shall I write down your deposition?"

At this instant, on hearing these questions, to which he was expected to answer in the affirmative, the young man felt that he was losing his nerve. He stammered out, "Most reverend and illustrious——"

"Come, come, my son, don't tremble so. Take courage. You are here in the very temple of justice and mercy," said the father, in his most persuasive and dulcet tones.

"I thought so when I entered, most illustrious," replied Zamora. "Ah! Don Estevan, he is the cause of my grief. Consider, most reverend father, how frequently, in Mexico, he promised to have me baptised, but some business or other always interfered. He had constantly promised me this blessing, but it was never fulfilled. Now he is arrested and I am not baptised. Oh, if by any misfortune I should now die, my soul would go to hell!"

"Nay, nay, fear not, my son. God will not allow such a thing to happen, and it is well that you have come to us here. But, tell me, now, everything in connection with your master, this Don Estevan, first. He is an atheist, is he not, and has committed acts of idolatry, has he not?" pleaded his reverence.

"I know not, father, nor the cause for which he was arrested. I only know that, finding myself forsaken and abandoned, a stranger in this country, I imagined that as the Grand Inquisitor and all who surround him are saints, none were so proper to extricate me from the danger in which I stand."

"Yes, my dear son, we will rescue you from the claws of the devil. It is God Himself who has been your conductor hither," said the father solemnly.

Zamora, who was now making splendid progress, determined to play one of his trump cards from that never-failing golden suit, so, bursting out into a rapturous tone, said, "Ah! good father, what joy, what happiness for me! There are fifty pieces of gold. It is the fruit of my labour since my childhood. Will your reverence condescend to employ this money in having masses said for my salvation?"

Father Juan Maria was evidently astonished and delighted at the gift, which amounted to a good round sum, rarely obtained from one who was apparently in so humble a position. He at once readily offered to instruct the generous young man, and promised that the ceremony of baptism should be performed by the Grand Inquisitor.

Zamora felt that this was his opportunity, so he informed his reverence that, now that he had parted with his savings, and being deprived of his situation by the imprisonment of his master, he implored his eminence to find him something to do so that he might earn his living.

"What can you do?" asked Father Maria. "Perhaps I can attach you to the Holy Office."

This was exactly what Zamora aimed at, so he replied, "I know a little gardening, I can cook, shave well, and am active and alert. I have a quick eye, a ready ear, and an excellent memory."

"Excellent!" replied the secretary, and he rang a small bell, to which call one of the officers entered. Then, addressing the attendant, he said, "This young man his eminence and I take under our special protection. I hand him over to your care. You will employ him in whatever he is found fit for. Let him have a chamber to himself, and see that he is well fed and kindly treated. Go, my son," he added, addressing Zamora. "You shall be baptised, and I and my niece will be your sponsors."

The young man as he left the secretary's chamber was in the seventh heaven of delight. Now he would be under the same roof as his master, and, with patience and the opportunity given, he would connive at the escape of Don Estevan. His first anxiety was to let his friend the French Consul know of his success so far, but that was difficult, as there was no possibility of leaving the house, for he was as much a prisoner as his master.

Weeks passed away, and Zamora did everything in his power to please those with whom he was associated daily. He assisted their labours, drank with them, concealed their faults, and indulged their excesses, for he had still left a considerable amount of money, and found no difficulty in getting wine and the good things of this world brought into the place. Above all, he made himself most agreeable to the alcaid and the guards of the prisoners. He frequently relieved them and passed whole nights in their places, whilst when off duty he entertained them with accounts of his travels in his country, and they spent nights over bottles of wine, and found the Inquisition by no means a dismal place to reside in.

Thanks to the confidence he had established from the very first, and the high patronage of Father Maria, he soon had access to the dungeons of about fifty of the prisoners, but without finding where his master was imprisoned. He had, however, been able to obtain leave to go into the city occasionally, and at once made his way to the Consul and reported progress, at the same time replenishing his purse.

For more than four months he remained there working and establishing himself as a great favourite. Still he was unable to locate the dungeon into which Don Estevan had been thrown, nor to ascertain what his probable fate might be. The anxiety he suffered was intense. Yet he dared not appear anxious. How was he to discover it? Of whom should he inquire? he asked himself a hundred times every day. At length fortune favoured him.

One morning, as he stood in the gallery with the guards a note was brought to the alcaid, and that functionary ordered six of them to take their carbines, the usual sign

that they were about to conduct a prisoner to the "mesa," a board of the Holy Office. Zamora was about to retire, when the alcaid said to him, "Come you with us. You will see a quarter to which you have never yet been taken."

He had a thrill pass through him, for he felt that at last he was about to be brought into the presence of his beloved master. "Courage," he said to himself, as they passed through a door which he had never before seen opened. The alcaid, with whom he was a great favourite, told him that this led to the quarters of the "hidalgos," or people of quality, who were imprisoned in the Inquisition. The bars of one chamber opening out of the corridor were removed and the double doors unlocked. "You are summoned," said the alcaid to the prisoner within. A man came forth. It was Don Estevan. But what a change in his appearance! He looked as if he had suffered all the terrible tortures of the Inquisition, and was the shadow of his former self. It was a moment of grief and terror for his faithful friend and servant. Estevan proceeded with his eyes fixed upon the ground. He raised them and beheld his follower. having seen him enter, walked along the corridor, where he awaited Estevan's reappearance, chatting familiarly with the guards who were stationed at the door of the Council Chamber, into which the unhappy prisoner had passed for examination. Two hours elapsed before his master came out, and then their eyes met. There was such meaning in the momentary glance. Arrived at the door of the cell, Estevan entered, and the alcaid was about to bolt the door when, with his usual readiness to assist, Zamora offered to spare him the trouble, and, pretending to employ some force and drawing close the inner door, he pressed his hand against the wicket through which food was passed, and let drop a small piece of paper rolled into a ball.

He had taken the opportunity of writing upon it whilst examining the cell when alone the following words: "Courage. Patience. Silence. Attention. Tear this up." What a moment of joy this must have been to the imprisoned man!

When they had descended the stairs and Zamora joined the alcaid, the latter said, "He did not recognise you in

"IF I SHOULD DIE, MY SOUL WOULD GO TO HELL!"

What a moment to Zamora! He shuddered with fear lest some slight gesture might excite suspicion, which would lead to the discovery that he was faithful to the master whom all believed he intended when the time came to denounce. It occurred to him at that moment, too, that it might be a ruse on the part of the holy fathers to test him. But Estevan, startled as he was to discover his faithful adopted son there, controlled his feelings and made not the slightest sign of recognition, and passed along without betraying the least emotion.

Zamora saw him proceed with the escort, and remained behind, returning to Estevan's cell, the door of which was left open, and made a careful examination of its position. He particularly noted upon which external part of the building the window looked over, how many bars secured it, and at what height it stood from the ground. He found it to be over the very garden in which he was accustomed to work, the elevation being about fifty feet from the ground. He also noted that there were no windows facing from which observation could be easily made.

He came out of the miserable cell without anybody your new dress and with your hair cut so close. I watched him intently."

"And what if he had recognised me? In coming here I have done my duty—let him do his. But, Mr. Alcaid, you must be fatigued after all this waiting about for the prisoner. Let us go to my room and have a drink of wine and a biscuit, where we can be quiet for half an hour." And he led the way to his comfortable and well-stocked chamber. The two became great friends, and Zamora learned much from the unsuspecting official.

And now it must be explained that Zamora had been found very useful in the garden, and from the very first had been employed there every day for a few hours, and, as a matter of fact, had the run of it, making great friends with the head gardener, through whose house it was necessary to pass in order to get there. The confidence of the old man, who was nearly seventy years of age, and who was exceedingly partial to brandy, and frequently supplied with it by his young assistant, together with the enjoyment of the good-will of the gardener's wife, and the liberty which was necessary for the performance of his work, had enabled

him to obtain a key of their door which opened into the garden. So he was at liberty to go in and out to his work whenever he chose. He was not long in locating the grating which served for a window to Estevan's cell, for he had counted the number of doors in the corridor, and by reckoning an equal number of windows he was confident he had made no mistake.

Estevan in the meanwhile was rendered by the sight of his friend once more full of hope. He had not seen or heard from a soul since his incarceration, and the two audiences he had had with the Inquisitors were by no means promising. He felt that he was destined to suffer the greatest agony of suspense, perhaps torture, if he did not voluntarily give up his claim to his property, admit that he was a heretic, and seek for a mitigation of punishment for a trumped-up crime which he knew nothing about. He knew why his young friend was there, and that he would risk his life in endeavouring to affect his escape. He would have "courage, patience, silence, and attention."

One morning he heard a familiar, plaintive air which the workers on his plantation in Mexico were wont to sing, and he knew that his friend was near. It came from the garden, and he instantly put his hand to the bars in reply to it. This satisfied Zamora that his conjecture as to the cell in which his master was kept was right. So far so good. But how was he to communicate with him? Weeks elapsed, during which time the energetic and willing Zamora busied himself by helping the servants who had the preparation of the food for the prisoners, eventually being permitted to help in its distribution. These menials, however, were not allowed to perform this duty without being accompanied by the guards, and there was poor opportunity of communicating, for the doors were never opened, the food being thrust through the small wickets. It was Zamora's usual province to carry the basket from which the bread was supplied, from which one of the attendants took a piece at the door of each cell and handed it in previous to the dishes of meat or soup which came round, for the better-class prisoners who had the money to pay for it whilst, as it were, under remand were generously enough fed.

One morning, whilst performing this duty, Zamora when opposite Estevan's cell managed that a piece of the bread should drop upon the floor Hastily picking it up, he handed it to the attendant. It was a second of intense anxiety, relieved only when he saw it taken by the prisoner through the wicket. This piece of bread, in the form of a small, long loaf, had been prepared at the house of the French Consul, and Zamora had smuggled it in. In appearance it was precisely the same as that baked in the Inquisition, but it contained a fine-cutting file and a note, written on a very small piece of paper, instructing him to employ a certain part of each night in carefully cutting through the bars. The noise made by this operation was very faint, yet it did not escape the sensitive ears of Zamora, who, invariably supping with the gardener and his wife and, entertaining them until a late hour, would pass through the garden on retiring to his quarters.

The slight noise went on for weeks and nothing was detected. At length the sound ceased, and Zamora knew that the task was finished. The very next day he managed to get another little note to Estevan in a somewhat risky manner, for he threw it, after making a little hard ball of it, into the cell window, keeping himself under the shade of a wall, and his splendid aim being assisted by the light of the moon falling direct upon the bars of the cell, which were by this time so nearly cut through that a slight wrench would remove them altogether.

It was by this time Christmas, and it was on the Christmas night that Zamora determined to make the grand effort. From his own account of this extraordinary escape we have the fullest particulars, which it will be unnecessary to go into now.

Suffice it to say that on Christmas Eve he managed to get in another little ball of paper through the cell window, upon which was written: "If you are ready, leave some wine in your bottle, which I shall note as we clear away and as you hand it out." More than half the wine came out and Zamora knew that the time had come. Again he threw in a paper ball, this time rather larger in dimensions, for it contained a long piece of very fine silk cord, with the following instructions, "To-morrow between midnight and one o'clock let down the cord and be ready."

What an anxious day that Christmas must have been to the faithful young fellow who was risking so much for the man whom he regarded as his father and who loved him so well!

It was customary at the Inquisition to regard Christmas as a day of festivity after the devotions were over in the afternoon, and the evening was spent religiously at the table, the Grand Inquisitor and the majority of the superior members of the Holy Office dining sumptuously and taking their fill of wine. Zamora was to spend his evening with his friend the gardener, and had sent in a good stock of wine and brandy, the alcaid had taken French leave of absence to visit his mistress, whilst the guards, although instructed to be more than ordinarily vigilant, were supplied with double rations and were determined to have their share of the festivities.

Could there have been a more favourable opportunity? By eleven o'clock—late for the holy fathers—most of them had had their fill and had retired. By half-past there was not a sound to be heard in the whole place, and by twelve o'clock there was not a light to be seen, and even the guards had thought it unnecessary to go their rounds, for the

He slid quickly to the ground.

majority of them had fallen asleep. Zamora had played his part as guest so well, and plied the wine to the wife and the brandy to his host so liberally that they were both drunk and in a profound sleep. So the coast was clear and, the gardener's house door leading to the street, flight would be easy if Estevan could descend without being observed. At precisely half-past twelve as the clock chimed the silken cord was dangling from the cell window. As quick as lightning Zamora tied the end of a light but strong rope to it which he had secreted in the garden by burying it some weeks before, and it was quickly hauled up.

Crack went something above. It was a noise that startled the anxious young man below. Then there was an awful silence, fortunately unbroken. So it was certain that the wrenching of the bars of the cell window had awakened nobody. Then Zamora pulled the rope taut, and the legs, then the body and head of a man gradually appeared, and, once clear of the window, he slid quickly to the ground.

It was Don Estevan, who clasped his faithful friend in his arms. Not a word was exchanged. Throwing a cloak over his master's shoulders and handing him a soft felt hat, he took him by the arm and led him, treading softly, to the door of the gardener's house. Passing quickly through the room wherein the old man sat snoring, with his head upon the table, and in which his open-mouthed spouse lay breathing heavily upon a couch, Zamora softly opened the door to the street and as quickly closed it, when Don Estevan once more breathed the air of freedom.

There was little fear of being challenged on such a night, for many roysterers were abroad, and it was no unusual sight to see men returning from their festivities. Without risking the hire of a vehicle, they made their way arm-in-arm as quickly as possible to the house of the French Consul. He was all anxiety, awaiting them, trembling with excitement to learn if the desperate business had proved successful.

The meeting of the three friends can be better imagined than described. To read Don Estevan's account is enough to bring tears to the eyes of the most worldly.

There is little more to add to this miraculous and determined escape. The French Consul had a ship from his own country in readiness, and the two fugitives were driven that same night to the place of embarkation, and sailed before the escape of Don Estevan was discovered.

They made their way to Bordeaux, and in that fair city determined to settle down, for the country of the Inquisition was no place for the don after his escape or for Zamora. They were both marked men and would certainly never have seen the light of day again had they once been captured. True to his word, the Consul recovered the bulk of Don Estevan's property, which was claimed by the French insurance companies and duly restored to its owner.

But the most awful sequel to this wonderful escape has yet to be told, and it can be done in a few words.

The two men, Don Pedro Castro and his villainous son Carlos, who had been instrumental in enlisting the services of the Inquisition in order to perform their conspiracy upon the liberty and life of Don Estevan, the rich Mexican merchant, were not to go unpunished.

The son, half drunk and mad after he found that the riches of their victim had slipped through their fingers, declared that it was his father's stupidity that had lost them the wealth. Why could he not have had his way and murdered the merchant, and then got clear? Words led to blows between father and son, when the latter drew a knife and struck his parent a blow which proved mortal.

The scoundrel was found guilty of murder and executed, Lisbon being rid of two of the vilest criminals in Europe, whose only service they had succeeded in rendering the civilised world was to afford true Christians another insight into the cursed doings of the Inquisition under the cloak of religion, and, through the riches of Don Estevan Xeres, who had so narrow an escape of becoming one of its many victims, the opportunity of dealing it a severe blow, which served in a great measure to exterminate the abominable institution.

He Couldn't Buy a Tongue.

At the Justiciary Court, Glasgow, in the year 1845, a poor Irishman was tried before Lord Cockburn and another judge for bigamy. He pleaded guilty, and therefore could not have the jury addressed in his defence. He, however, ascribed this to his poverty, but for which, he flattered himself, his innocence could have been fully established. The judge, as usual, in passing sentence, addressed him humanely and at some length, whereupon he replied: "Please, your honour, if I had only had the money to buy a tongue, your honour would not have had all that to say."

He Defined Nothing.

A witness was thus cross-examined by Mr. Doherty, the eminent Irish counsel, at the Donegal Assizes: "What business do you follow?" "I am a schoolmaster." "Did you turn off your scholars, or did they turn you off?" "I do not answer irrelevant questions." "Are you a great favourite with your pupils?" "Ay, troth, I am—a much greater favourite than you are with the public." "Where were you, sir, this night?" "This night! There's a learned man for you! I suppose you mean that night?" "I presume the schoolmaster was abroad that night doing nothing?" "Define 'nothing.'" The lawyer was silent. "Well, sure, and I will define it for you. 'Nothing' is a footless stocking without a leg." "You may go down, sir." "Faith, I well believe you're tired of me; but it's my profession to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions to ask, I am ready to answer them."

Criminals Convicted by Tell-tale Teeth.

THE clues which lead to identification are often curious, and many would be absolutely overlooked by any but the trained detective. Possibly the most strange clue of all is that afforded by the teeth, though those useful members have played an important part in several sensational cases.

In the history of the "Moat Mystery," our readers will remember that the body of Miss Holland was identified partially by the teeth, which had been stopped, and certain false ones fitted by a dentist, though other and equally reliable means of identification existed in that particular instance; but there have been others where the recognition of the teeth has formed the sole means of discovering to whom certain remains belonged.

Perhaps the most complicated of these was the celebrated Goss case, in Maryland. The brief particulars are as follows:

It was reported that Mr. W. S. Goss had been burnt to death in a house which had been ignited by a chemical explosion. The whole of the premises were reduced to ashes, and among these were found certain human remains, charred beyond recognition. An inquest was held, and a verdict returned that Goss had come to his death through an oil explosion. He had been insured heavily in several companies, and his brother-in-law, Mr. W. E. Udderzook, applied for payment. In the ordinary course he was cross-examined, and some of his answers aroused suspicion in the minds of the insurance officials, and they refused to pay.

An exhumation of the burned body was ordered, when it was found that the upper jaw contained but two teeth, while in the lower were seven, all more or less decayed. Against this Goss's widow swore that her husband had an unusually fine set of ivories. The lawyers were then set to work, and a series of actions commenced, but before they were finished a fresh sensation turned up. The body of a murdered man was discovered in Pennsylvania a year and a-half after the death of the supposed Goss, and that body had a very complete set of teeth. It was proved also that he had been at the place where the corpse was found in company with his brother-in-law. After much evidence had been given, it was proved that the second body was that of Goss, and Udderzook was found guilty of his murder.

The most notorious case of all, of course, is that of Dr. Webster, professor of chemistry at Harvard University. The full details of this tragedy will be given at another time, but the main outlines, as far as they affect the teeth, are these:

Dr. George Parkman, a well-known Boston man, disappeared suddenly, and his fate was shrouded in almost impenetrable mystery for some time. He had been last seen in company with the professor. After a while, fragments of human flesh were found in a cellar underneath the professor's laboratory, while in a furnace, used in his chemical operations, some scraps of charred bone were discovered. Among the ashes grains of gold could be traced, as well as a tooth which had escaped from the fierceness of the flames, and which was "stopped." Several artificial teeth of corundum were also recovered which had platinum rivets, and so had got separated. The bones discovered were those of the lower jaw and part of the skull.

Doctors could do nothing towards identifying the remains, but a dentist stepped in and showed that he it was who had fitted the teeth and filled the decayed tooth, and he produced the plaster model from which he had fashioned Dr. Parkman's denture, and which corresponded exactly with the lower jaw discovered. In due course Dr. Webster was put upon his trial, and found guilty, when he confessed that he had murdered Parkman and burnt the bones. But for those tell-tale teeth he might never have been suspected.

Madame JONIAUX

She Poisoned her Brother, her Sister, and her Uncle.

"And I have no remorse, and little fear,
Which are, I think, the checks of other men."
—SHELLEY, "The Cenci," Act I.

THE origin of a great crime can sometimes be traced back to a small vanity which has gradually developed into a passion. A healthy spirit of rivalry, for example, can deteriorate into jealousy and bitterness; a commendable prudence in youth has ended in a miserly old age. And once a passion takes root, the character so afflicted is its slave. Moral responsibility is sapped; and temptation is followed by crime

In no instance was this so more than in the case of Madame Joniaux, a Belgian aristocrat, the daughter of an illustrious general, and one of the greatest beauties in Brussels. She was amongst the most remarkable women of her time; her character was masculine in its strength. And she was undoubtedly the greatest Belgian criminal of the last century. She sacrificed her sister, her brother, and her uncle to her passion for adulation. She poisoned them with fiendish ingenuity and cruelty, that she might have the means whereby she could continue to shine in the brightest and most intellectual circles of Belgian society. Her dual life was one of mingled fraud and brilliancy. It resembles a chapter of mediæval romance.

Madame Joniaux, née Ablay, was born in the year 1844. As a young girl, she was presented at the Belgian Court, and she entered at once into a life of charm and gaiety. Her great beauty, her vivacity, and wit soon won for her an ardent circle of lovers and admirers. Wherever she went she became the object of that delicate homage that man is always glad to pay to feminine grace and beauty. Her progress through her first season was in the nature of a triumph. All that was typical of the best in Belgian society flocked around her.

In those days her girlish beauty was accentuated by a sweet gravity. Her mind, naturally reflective, took pleasure in the society of men of culture and learning. While young gallants worshipped her from afar, philosophers, scientists, and statesmen hailed her presence as a sunbeam in the dull commonplaces of social triviality. Her sparkling wit, her joy in life, her girlish enthusiasm and radiant loveliness combined to set her on a pedestal. All men, young and old, basked in the sunshine of her smiles.

She entered by right as her father's child into the charmed circles of society; her personal attractions elevated her to a position of almost queenly brilliancy. No party was complete without her presence. As time went on, no social gathering became possible without her approval.

Almost unconsciously she took a position as the most influential feminine force in Belgium. Her father's house, so homely during her childhood, became a centre of intellectual and social brilliancy. Her *salon* was one of the most crowded in Brussels. Her social engagements were both endless and exacting. She gradually became invested with power and responsibility; and the young girl who had made her *début* with childish timidity, found herself at the age of twenty-one in a position of intoxicating splendour.

But the pity of it all was that though natural gifts entitled her to the position to which others had elevated her, yet her father's means were quite inadequate to meet her social demands. General Ablay had enough and to spare for his own moderate wants, but his income was hopelessly insufficient to sustain a state of semi-regal grandeur. At first, of course, monetary considerations did not weigh heavily, nor did she stand in need of feminine artifice in order to satisfy the requirements of her new and unexpected position. Tradesmen fawned upon her; modistes and jewellers pleaded for the favour of her custom; the homage of the ballroom was rivalled by the obsequity of the emporium. Studying the history of this unfortunate woman, it really seems as if jealous Fates had conspired to ensure her downfall. For if there is much that is revolting in her career, there is something also to evoke pity, and if her base moments were amongst the basest on record, in the last appalling hour of judgment she was almost epic in her courage. If Madame Joniaux was capable of the most heartless brutality, as she certainly was, there were also latent in her the instincts of heroism.

And then, while in the first mad whirl of girlish adulation, the old general died. That was the crucial moment of her life. She had come with startling abruptness to the choosing of the ways. The narrow path leading to obscurity and effacement was on one side. On the other, the broad path stretched before her, seductive and elusive as ever. It would but carry her on the way on which others had set her feet! Temptation asked, was she not marked out as one of the elect of fortune? Might she not follow the hand of Fate? Surely it must lead her to a triumphant issue! She closed her eyes, and took the plunge, following her instinct; and from that moment, while outwardly worthy of the affection and admiration of society, her inner life became one long, weary deception.

At her father's death she found herself involved to the extent of 30,000 francs. What was she to do? Payment at once was out of the question, except by the sacrifice of her share of his fortune. Her creditors were far from importunate; they did not even trouble her. Society was as adulatory as ever, but even a society favourite must keep up a certain social position. A society leader like Mdlle. Ablay must do more. So she swam with the current. And then this curious woman, pressed down by the weight of financial difficulties, and bitten with the desire to retain her foothold in high places, did a most womanly thing. She married the man of her choice. She might have married the wealthiest in Belgium, and so have extricated herself for ever from all monetary troubles. Such men were at her feet, but she ignored them, and, following her mental bent, she became, instead, the wife of M. Frederick Faber, the well-known bibliophile and historian.

Her married life was happy. Her husband, adoring his beautiful wife, and immersed in the life of a student, saw only the glitter of her genius, and rejoiced in the homage paid to her. When not with her, he was always in his study. When with her, either in his own house or at other fashionable gatherings, he saw her as the moving spirit of the feast. He marvelled how she could manage so well on their income, and, being content to marvel, he returned to his studies without making any inquiry. And she, meantime, plotting and planning how to avert a catastrophe, spent panic-stricken nights, but fairly pleasant days. Then M. Faber died. Later on, when her crimes were exposed, people said he had died by her hand. But that was not true. Her regard for him was genuine.

Upon his death, she eventually married another man, to whom, also, she was true in heart and mind. This was M. Joniaux, chief engineer to the Department of Roads and Bridges in Antwerp, to which city they removed. Madame Joniaux, though clinging to society, was glad to exchange Brussels for Antwerp, for her position in Brussels had become untenable. Her liabilities were enormous, and with the death of M. Faber all possibility of meeting them seemed to have disappeared. How many thousand francs she owed when she married M. Jonaiux will never be known. But the subterfuges she adopted to stave off angry creditors became public at her trial, and are an appalling index to the successive steps in a graduated course of crime. She began by borrowing amongst her higher and more intimate acquaintances, at first straightforwardly, and subsequently under false pretences. Gradually, as her struggles increased, she robbed her humbler acquaintances, her tradesmen, and even their shop assistants, in the same way. Still harassed, and not knowing where to turn, she gambled at Monte Carlo, she cheated at cards, she lied and blackmailed alternately.

And ever with a sweet smile in presence of society! For now she was entering into middle life, and the vanity of her

youth had grown into a passion. Courted and fêted for years in a position of undisputed sovereignty, she was not the woman, with her masculine intelligence and martial spirit, to surrender her sceptre without a struggle. Every false step she took would make her downfall more bitter, if she allowed the débâcle to come, so she put the thought of it away, and plunged deeper and deeper into the miry abyss of crime. And as she struggled hopelessly to extricate herself from her embarrassments, her creditors in ever-increasing numbers harassed and tortured her life. Her friends began to slip away from her; stories as to her malpractices were whispered in alcove and boudoir. She knew it. She read the fact in many faces as time went on, and the thought maddened her. In her own heart she vowed she would not be crushed. And a terrible temptation presenting itself to

She found herself involved.

her at this crisis, she yielded to it without a twinge of remorse.

She had a daughter by her first husband, and so she wrote to her own unmarried sister, Mdlle. Léonie Ablay, stating that she would like to insure her life in favour of this child. Mdlle. Ablay consented, and policies were effected accordingly for 30,000 francs and 40,000 francs, with two Swiss and Dutch companies, Mdme. Joniaux undertaking to pay the premiums. This was at the end of 1891 and in the beginning of 1892. A few weeks afterwards she wrote again to Mdlle Ablay, this time inviting her to Antwerp. Mdlle. Ablay accepted the invitation, and died in Mdme. Jonaiux's house a few days after her arrival there. Mdme. Joniaux thus became possessed of 70,000 francs. The doctor who attended Mdlle. Ablay certified that her death was due to cerebral hemorrhage. He was wrong. It was due to morphine. But the symptoms in both cases are much alike.

Mdme. Joniaux had now started as a murderess. Her first experiment had been a triumphant success. But the 70,000 francs did not last long. Her creditors and her own expensive mode of living soon swallowed all. She, therefore, tried again. And her thoughts in this instance turned to her uncle, M. Jacques van den Kerchove, a rich manufacturer, of Ghent, and a Belgian ex-senator. She had reason to believe that she would benefit largely by his will. So she invited him to Antwerp. He came readily, delighted to escape from business for a while, and to be able to enjoy the society of his fashionable niece and her charming friends. He was a strong, burly man, of sedentary habits, and fond of the pleasures of the table. Mdme. Joniaux realised that two deaths in her house within the space of fourteen months, both from cerebral hemorrhage, might give rise to suspicion. So she studied her list of poisons, and selected the one most suitable to her needs.

Amongst the symptoms produced from poisoning from atrophine are a flushed face, great excitement, sparkling eyes, giddiness, noisy delusions, intense thirst, and double vision. So on his arrival she regaled M. Jacques van den Kerchove with an excellent dinner, at which he partook freely of champagne and burgundy. Then, with her own hand, she prepared two cups of coffee, which he drank. He laughed boisterously for some time afterwards, his noisiness being attributed to his copious libations. Then he got up, staggered about the room, and finally, complaining of feeling giddy, he went to bed. During the night he was terribly ill, and seemed in his raving like one suffering from delirium tremens. The doctor was sent for, but his prescriptions were not effective. M. van den Kerchove gradually sank, and, after suffering frightful agony, he died, eighteen hours after his arrival in Antwerp.

After his death, in March, 1893, affairs prospered with Mdme. Joniaux for some months. But towards the end of that year this terrible woman, being again worried, decided to select another victim. This time it was her brother, M. Alfred Ablay, whose life she had insured with the Gresham Company, she again undertaking to pay the premium. The insurance was effected in February, 1894. Two days afterwards M. Ablay died in Mdme. Joniaux's house in Antwerp. His death, like his sister's, was explained as having been due to cerebral hemorrhage, both of them being sufferers from the same hereditary tendency. In point of fact, it was due, as in her case, to morphine. There was that similarity, and that only, between them. Notification was not given to the insurance company until after his burial, and the undertaker who officiated on the three occasions remarked sympathetically to Mdme. Joniaux that he scarcely thought she was likely to be troubled by visits from any of her relations again. Madame, in her grief, did not reply.

When the notification of M. Ablay's death reached the office of the Gresham Company, the officials held a consultation, as the result of which their Brussels agent proceeded to Antwerp and presented himself at the office of the Public Prosecutor there. He made application for the exhumation of the body, and, to his surprise, was met by the reply that he had come too late, that the matter had been allowed to drop for several months for want of sufficient proof! He explained that M. Ablay was only a few days dead, and gathered, in reply, that the Public Prosecutor was referring, not to the case of M. Ablay, of which he was ignorant, but to the death of M. Jacques van den Kerchove, about which he entertained suspicions. Madame Joniaux had gone one step too far! Her crimes were now at an end!

All Belgium, and, for that matter, all the civilised world, was startled by hearing of her arrest on the 18th April, 1894, on a charge of triple murder. Belgian society stood aghast. People could not believe their ears. It was too horrible, too unspeakable! Bit by bit, however, as the evidence against her was pieced together, the feeling of amazement succumbed to repulsion. Before ever she was put upon her trial, half Belgium was clamouring for her blood. Amongst the democracy at the time party feeling was at a high pitch, and undoubtedly the fact that Madame Joniaux belonged to the aristocracy did much in itself to arouse a popular outcry. Their rage was indescribable, even in gaol the prisoner's life was in danger. And now, when a weaker nature would have collapsed, this extraordinary woman rose equal to the occasion. Her audacity, her supreme courage, rose from day to day as the avenging avalanche threatened to engulf her. She never yielded, she never wavered, and through her trial, which lasted for twenty-seven days, she might have stood for a statue of outraged innocence. Let us go into the Court and follow the case. It is far more dramatic than the trial of Dreyfus.

Madame Joniaux has spent eight months in gaol awaiting trial, and now it is the 7th January, 1895. As we push our way to the Assize Court, the boulevard is black with people. In the Salle des Pas Perdus a huge crowd are jammed against the doors. Workmen in flat cap and blue cotton trousers and blouse jostle the *élite* of Brussels and

Antwerp in rustling silks and furs. At last the doors are flung open, and a rush is made for seats. By good luck we manage to secure two, after a desperate struggle, and, sitting down panting, we look around. The chamber is lofty and spacious, and at least twice the size of a London court. Facing us is a dais, with a long green baize table and high-backed leather chairs. The dock stands in grim isolation in the centre of the room. It is large and raised above the ground, and enclosed by a low, massive balustrade of oak. In the gallery above us are the seats assigned to privileged persons. They seem to be ladies principally, and they are laughing and tittering as if waiting for the play to begin. All the Court is oak-panelled, and four great chandeliers will

SHE PREPARED TWO CUPS OF COFFEE WHICH HE DRANK.

light up every nook and corner, should the sitting be continued after dusk.

"La Cour!" The bell rings, and the President and his two assessors enter gravely and take their seats, amidst a hushed silence. The President's handsome robe is red; his assessors are in black. The Advocate-General for the prosecution, clad in scarlet, takes his seat at the side of the table, having first bowed solemnly to the Court. The prisoner's name is called, and Madame Joniaux enters, amid a scene of unseemly confusion, people pushing and shoving in their curiosity to see her. She is clad in black from head to foot, and is escorted to the dock by two gendarmes with fixed bayonets and wearing their bearskins. They take their seats behind her. She bows to the President. He affects not to notice her. His strong face is unmercifully stern. Then the indictment is read out, and the President, who in our English Courts would see that the prisoner got fair play, proceeds, according to Continental custom, to act the part of our prosecuting counsel, and subjects her to a most appalling cross-examination.

As he turns to address her, as if she were already condemned, a scowl upon his face, and his eyes glaring at her contemptuously, Madame Joniaux, whose face has hitherto been concealed behind a black veil, gently loosens it and lets it fall behind her. Then, grasping the rail before her with two white, supple hands, she stands and faces her accuser. What a superb woman! What a commanding presence! Her features, beautifully-chiselled, indicate immense will, and even greater self-control. Her voice, clear as a bell, is musically pitched and sweetly feminine. Her eyes are dark and soft. Her mouth is sad, and the contour of the chin in perfect. This a murderess? Impossible!—impossible! She parries the President's questions with startling ability. At times, with voice trembling with emotion, and her cheeks bathed with tears, she implores the Court to refrain from insulting her husband, who is in no way on his trial. Her coolness and self-possession, her combined gentleness and strength, all tell in her favour. Murmurs are heard in the gallery overhead. The artisans beside us, who have come to watch her trial with tigerish ferocity, shuffle uneasily. They are beginning to doubt her guilt. At times her disconcerting calmness upsets the President, and a ripple of laughter at his expense runs through the Court. At last he flings down his pen petulantly, declaring that she has an answer to every question. Her rejoinder is simple. "If you think I have not," she says gently, "why go to the trouble of asking me?" Night falls, and the Court adjourns. The populace no longer clamour for her blood. They are content that her trial shall be patient and exhaustive.

For four days the scene described continued. For four days Madame Joniaux worsted the Court. At the end of her examination Belgium believed her innocent. The newspapers wrote of her as a much-wronged woman. It was hoped on all sides that the case would soon be closed, so that she might return home in honour and triumph. And then the real struggle began. The medical experts were called, and produced the poison found in the body of the last victim. Even in the face of this appalling evidence Madame Joniaux never quailed. She had explanations to suggest. Her brother Alfred Ablay, she explained, was, unhappily, a man of ill repute. He had committed forgery, and so he doubtlessly killed himself with some of the morphine she used as a lotion for her eyes. Had the experts found poison in the bodies of her sister and her uncle? she asked innocently. No, they had not. At this she smiled for the first time. But, they added, they were prepared to swear, as the result of their investigations, that neither her sister nor her uncle could have possibly died from the illnesses stated in the certificates of death. They did not die from natural causes.

The case became black against her again. From that time until the end of her trial, nearly three weeks later, every day brought forth fresh evidence, conclusively establishing her guilt. Witnesses followed one another continually, moreover, proving her financial defalcations, and so supplying the motive. And what an incongruous company! Military men with clanking sabres, magistrates, bankers, *rentiers*, priests, accountants, ladies of title, journalists, policemen, domestic servants, scandalmongers, moneylenders, pawnbrokers, and tradespeople. And the calm, graceful creature, robed all in black, sat unmoved in the dock day after day. But when her honour was questioned she always interposed. As for the crimes for which she was being tried, she brushed them aside as if too absurd for serious consideration. At any reference to her husband she invariably shed tears. Once she dramatically implored of the Court to respect his character. The strain was beginning to tell on the President, whose voice suffered from exhaustion towards the end of the trial. But Madame Joniaux! She affected to pretend that her conscience could support her through anything. People were amazed at her extraordinary courage, as well they might be. The precincts of the Court grew more crowded as the end approached, and for the last few days the ministers and secretaries of England, Russia, Austria, Sweden, and Roumania were seated behind the President, and watched the drama with breathless interest.

The closing day of the trial at last began. It was Saturday, February 2, 1895. Madame Joniaux took her seat with a face of positive relief, as if the end of her troubles was at hand. She looked stronger and better than ever. Hers was a desperate card, played with a persistency amounting to genius, throughout the weary months which she had practically spent in the dock. Against the most positive evidence of her guilt she had pitted her own personality. Many there are to this day who, having seen her on her trial, persist in asserting her innocence. They say that no actress could sustain the part she played. And yet she was an actress. She knew that many thousands would see her during that long trial, and she hoped by that means to arouse an outburst of popular feeling. Twice she succeeded; but the evidence was too damnatory. Had it been a little less conclusive, she would be a free woman to-day.

And now the hour had come. All through the day and all throughout the evening the Court had sat. Saturday night had been succeeded by Sunday morning, and two hours of the Sabbath had passed. Outside the streets were as crowded as at midday. Snow was falling fast, and a cutting wind chilled the patient watchers to the marrow. Yet all Antwerp was abroad. It could not settle to slumber until it had heard the verdict.

The jury had retired to consider the evidence, and, after a dreary interval, they returned. The President was in his chair, waiting. The prisoner was absent. The foreman of the jury pronounced her guilty in a tremulous voice to the hushed Court. The President directed that she should be brought in. All eyes were turned on the door through which she must enter. In a few moments she appeared and paused for a second on the threshold. She looked at her counsel. They were awkward and silent. There was no need to tell her anything. She tottered to the dock and clung to the balustrade as the "Griffier" repeated the verdict. A gendarme moved towards her as she almost fell. Every word the "Griffier" uttered seemed like a stab in her heart. She shuddered agonisingly. Then the Advocate-General arose and demanded the sentence, and the President and his assessors left the Court.

During the ten minutes that elapsed until their return Madame Joniaux passed through the extremity of anguish. Never could she suffer again what she suffered then. Violent, unnatural convulsions seized the wretched woman's frame. The hand with which she half thrust a handkerchief into her mouth shook as if she had been struck with the palsy. Her bosom expanded as if it would burst. Such a supreme fight for mastery was surely never seen in woman before. Her struggle was successful. Her gifted mind and Spartan courage, which she had inherited from her soldier-father, conquered her feminine frailty. Though she nearly died with the effort, not a tear stained her cheek. She would not give those present, who at one time were her sycophants, and were now her bitterest enemies, the satisfaction of seeing her overwhelmed. She listened with composure to the President's sentence that she should be publicly executed in Antwerp; and as he called to the gendarmes to remove the *condamnée* she waved them gently aside and walked from the dock with the same even step that had graced her carriage through life.

With heaving breast she passed down the little staircase leading to the courtyard, where thirty armed and mounted gendarmes waited as escort to the police van. A dead silence prevailed. She entered the van unaided. As it passed out into the boulevard the rabble threw themselves on the gendarmes, intent on lynching her. They were beaten back, and, with further assistance, she was conveyed in safety to the prison. As a wardress conducted her to her cell she said to the prisoner, "You know that capital punishment has been suspended for many years now."

Madame Joniaux bowed. "Thank you for the kindness which prompted the statement," she said. "I know I am a prisoner for life." And so she is.

Left to herself, she gave vent to her feelings. She flung herself on her pallet and sobbed in a paroxysm of terror. Her whole life flashed in review before her. She saw herself as she was. What an end! What a career! What triumph, abasement, excitement, misery, falsity, and crime! Her own hideousness was with her as a spectre. She shrank in loathing from herself. Who knows? Who can tell? In that terribly bare moment she was face to face with her Maker. Perhaps she made her peace.

A Highwayman's Resurrection.

PATRICK O'BRIEN, a native of Ireland, after committing a series of atrocities, was at length arrested and executed at Gloucester for highway robbery. When he had hung the usual time his body was cut down and given to his friends; but when carried home he was observed to move, on which a surgeon was immediately sent for, who bled him, and, other means being used, he finally recovered. This fact was kept a secret, and it was hoped that it would have a salutary effect upon his future conduct. His friends were very willing to contribute towards his support, in order that he might live in the most retired manner. He promised to reform, and for some time kept his promise; but the impressions of death and all its consequences soon wore off his mind, and he returned to his vicious courses. Abandoning his friends, he purchased a horse and other necessaries, and again visited the road.

About a year after his execution he met the same gentleman who was his former prosecutor and attacked him in the same manner as before. The gentleman was surprised to find himself stopped by the same person who had formerly robbed him, and who was executed for the crime. His consternation was so great that he could not help admiting it, and asked his aggressor how it came to pass. "I thought that you were hanged a twelvemonth ago," said he to the highwayman. "So I was, and, therefore, you ought to imagine that what you now see is only my ghost. However, lest you should be so uncivil as to hang my ghost, too, I think it would be advisable to secure you." Upon this he blew the gentleman's brains out with his pistol, and, alighting from his horse, cut his body in pieces with his sword.

One barbarity was followed by another and a greater. O'Brien, accompanied by four other desperadoes, attacked the house of Launcelot Wilmot, Esq., of Wiltshire, entered the place and bound all the servants hand and foot, then went up to the gentleman's own room, and bound him and his wife. They next proceeded to the daughter's chamber, used her in a brutal manner, and stabbed her to the heart. They then returned in the same manner, butchered the old people, and rifled the house of money and valuables to the value of £2,500.

This miscreant continued his depredations for two years longer, until one of his accomplices confessed his crime and informed upon all who were concerned. O'Brien was seized at his lodgings, in Little Suffolk Street, and conveyed to Salisbury, where he acknowledged his crime. He was a second time executed, and, to prevent a second resurrection, he was hung in chains near the place where the crime was perpetrated.

The Burnham Mystery.

How Moses Hatto murdered his master's housekeeper and endeavoured to hide the traces of his crime by fire, and how, by his own acts and words, the crime was at last brought home to him.

"What fools God's anger makes of men!"

—SWINBURNE.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL evidence is seldom of the most satisfactory character. The guilt of a criminal convicted on no more substantial grounds is, if not exactly doubted, still regarded as not so conclusively proved as in cases where the evidence is of a more determined nature. Circumstantial evidence is of great value, of course, but unless it is supported by other circumstances a jury will hesitate before convicting, and a guilty man may thus escape. At the same time it is considered better that one hundred guilty ones should escape rather than one innocent should suffer, and it is in this sentiment that many juries have returned with verdicts of acquittal when little doubt may have existed in their inner minds of the guilt of the prisoner. The evidence in the case about to be described was entirely circumstantial, but it appears from this case, as from so many others, that the prescience of the Almighty has fixed a rule that murder—in most cases committed in the absence of all witnesses—shall "out" by the very acts of the murderer; that he shall, from the very moment of the deed, be smitten with a kind of mental blindness and that his cunningly-devised means of concealing his guilt shall be the very ones that lead to his undoing and end in retributive justice. In this instance the criminal might never have been convicted—however strongly suspected—but for the insensate folly of his own course of action. He was betrayed into various contradictory and inconsistent statements, by which suspicion was so much increased that a verdict of murder was found against him, he was committed, tried, found guilty and hanged. "What fools God's anger makes of men!"

A murder, attended with circumstances of singular atrocity, and the circumstances of which John Lee's crime at Babbicombe Bay most vividly recalled, was perpetrated at Burnham Abbey Farm, on November 1st, 1853. Burnham Abbey Farm is, or was, situated near the famous old Bath Road, and was, or is, about three miles from Maidenhead and four from Windsor. The farmhouse was a comfortable residence that had recently been erected on the ruins of the old Abbey of Burnham, and was occupied by Mr. Ralph Willis Goodwin, a gentleman-farmer, unmarried, in the year '53. He was fairly well off and was much liked and respected in that neighbourhood. His establishment consisted of a housekeeper, named Mary Ann Sturgeon, about 36 years of age, and a groom or stable-help named Moses Hatto, who had been in Mr. Goodwin's employ for some time and had given fair satisfaction. In the farmyard—some little distance from the house itself—was a cottage occupied by the ground-keeper, a man named Bunce, and with this person lodged the male labourers employed on the farm. The principal staircase leading to the bedrooms of the residence fronted the entrance door, and the bedroom of Mrs. Sturgeon, the housekeeper, was at the head of the staircase. Past the foot of the staircase and at the end of a passage was a door leading to the front and back kitchens, from the last of which a stair led to a bedroom over it, in which Hatto, the stable-man, habitually slept. The walls of the house were thick and brick built.

It was the custom of Mr. Goodwin to pass several evenings of the week at the house of a relative who lived five or six miles from the farm, and he generally left home between five and six in the evening and returned between eleven and twelve. On these occasions Hatto used to sit up for him—generally in the back-kitchen, sometimes in his bedroom—to attend to the horse on his master's return. He was very alert on this duty, and there was rarely any occasion to call him. The housekeeper was accustomed to place a light in the hall and a candlestick by its side for her master to light himself to his bedroom. She usually went to bed about ten o'clock, taking the plate in use into her bedroom; she also generally left the door from the passage to the back kitchen open. On the 1st of November, 1853, Mr. Goodwin went to his cousin's place as usual, and returned about half-past eleven. Hatto was waiting up, and took his horse, as usual. There was nothing strange in the former's manner or appearance, but as Mr. Goodwin came in, he—Hatto—mentioned that he had heard a noise about the house at a quarter to eleven, and rose up in bed and lay down again; that at eleven the noise was repeated, and that he got up and called Bunce. They went into the yard, he added, and found a colt loose. He also stated that he had called at Mrs. Sturgeon's window, but that the housekeeper had made no answer. Mr. Goodwin attached little importance to his groom's rather rambling statement. He had entered the house by the back-kitchen door, and on proceeding towards the passage he found that door fastened. He then went to the principal entrance, and got in by a latchkey. Contrary to custom, the light in the hall and chamber candle were not placed ready for him. Mr. Goodwin did several small matters about the house without going upstairs, during which time the groom kept going out and returning—unusual with him, for it was his duty to feed and attend to the horse. At length he addressed his master, and asked, curiously enough, if there was anything amiss. Mr. Goodwin replied in the negative, but immediately afterwards he observed something on the matting, which on closer examination proved to be candle-grease and blood. There was also blood on the skirting of the doorpost, and instantly after he saw a tooth lying two or three feet from the blood. He pointed these things out to Hatto, who said nothing. Mr. Goodwin, now much alarmed, went upstairs, when he observed a volume of smoke, and, immediately returning, ordered water to be brought. When he came to the housekeeper's room the door was ajar, and on pushing it open a smouldering fire was discovered—the room was full of suffocating smoke, and there was a horrible smell about the place. When a few pails of water had been dashed about and the room cleared a most fearful sight was presented. The mangled remains of the unfortunate housekeeper were lying on the floor, her clothes had been set alight, and articles likely to burn quickly and easily—especially the fragments of a deal table and some napkins—had been deliberately placed round the burning body. So great a hold had the flames taken on the remains that the floor beneath the corpse was consumed, and one of the joists beneath was slightly burning. On examination of the remains of the poor woman it was at once established that she had been wilfully murdered in a most atrocious manner, and that the place had been set on fire with the intent of concealing the crime. The murderer evidently wished it to be supposed that she had accidentally set fire to herself or the room, and in this design the whole place might have been burnt to the ground. The bones of the poor woman's left hand had been smashed, evidently by two blows, the left ear was lacerated by wounds which divided it into three portions, and there were two heavy, contused wounds on the left side of the head. Indeed, the features of the face were horribly flattened, and the bridge of the nose broken in and battered; the tongue protruded very much from the mouth, and was very livid. On examining the head, internal injuries were found corresponding to the external wounds quite sufficient to have caused death, and the woman was undoubtedly living when they were inflicted. A great deal of blood was about the room, on the jamb of the mantel-piece, on the wall, and on the window blind, as though it had spurted, not been smeared there. At the entrance to the room there was a very broad smear of blood, as though the body had been dragged there. The blood-marks were continued, as though smeared on the handrails of the stairs and on the wall to the place in the passage where the tooth and the blood-spots had been found. The clothes of the unfortunate woman thus

cruelly butchered had been set on fire, the lower part of the body had been burnt as high as the waist-band, the upper part charred, the legs burnt to within four inches of the ankle, and the thighs burnt away, leaving the thigh-bones protruding. The body had certainly been subjected to fire after death. The fire must have been very strong, and the time occupied in destroying so much of the body could not have been less than two and a half hours. The murder had occurred between half-past eight and nine o'clock. The weapon used was apparently a poker, which was found standing in the room near the fireplace, and of which the lower end was broken, while on the knob of the handle was a small quantity of blood and hair. No attempt had been made to plunder the house, but two days afterwards Mr. Goodwin discovered that some rings, pencil-cases, and a few articles of small value had disappeared. Suspicion immediately pointed to Hatto as the perpetrator of this horrible deed, but it must be admitted that it was no more than suspicion, for certainly at first nothing was discovered which would prove his guilt convincingly. His manner was not altogether compatible with innocence, and there were certain circumstances pointing rather strongly against him; yet he was not arrested, but was allowed to remain, free to come and go, about the place—a degree of remissness on the part of those in charge of the case which probably rendered the subsequent examinations the more difficult. Hatto stayed on at the farm and gave evidence at the coroner's inquest, which was adjourned from time to time, and it was during this period that he committed himself to so many contradictory statements that suspicion was at length fully aroused, and it ended in a verdict of murder being found against him. He was sent down for trial, and it may be mentioned here that, in spite of his serious position, he conducted himself throughout, not with the calmness of innocence, but the bravado of a thoroughly hardened nature. He was an unpleasant-looking man, of mean proportions, and a very shifty, cunning look.

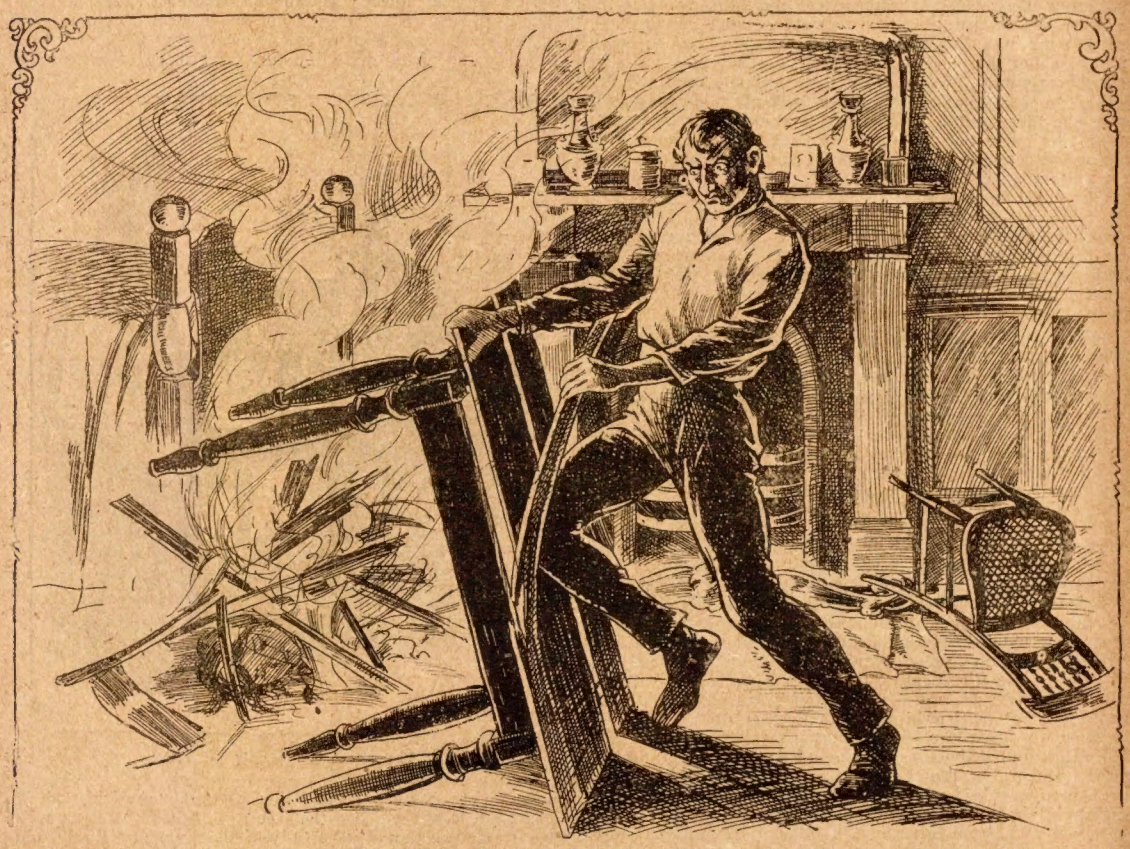
He was tried, in due course, at the Spring Assizes, at Aylesbury. As has been said, the evidence was purely circumstantial, and was very far from being convincing or conclusive, but the prisoner's own statements and his ill-devised calmness and unconsciousness brought conviction to the minds of the jury and to those of all who were present at this memorable trial. He had given his own account of the night of the murder, and it was impossible to believe that his statement was a true one. He slept, by his own account, in the same house and within a few feet of the room in which a terrible murder was committed by means of extreme violence and accompanied, from its nature, by noise, and yet he affected to know nothing of it. The murderer had dragged the body across the floor of the room, had broken up a heavy deal table, had set fire to and partially destroyed the body, and had moved about the house, and yet this Mr. Hatto had lain in his bed, deaf and blind to the series of horrors going on around him. True, he was indeed disturbed by some slight noise, twice disturbed, and he sat up in bed and listened, and once he had ventured out into the farm-yard, but neither in going nor returning had he seen anything to make him believe that a dreadful tragedy was performing in the dwelling. He had seen nothing, and had heard nothing but the slight noise which had first aroused him; fire, murder, and sudden death were rampant and raging within a few feet of him, but this strange Mr. Hatto remained in blissful ignorance of all, and actually expected the jury to believe him! A conviction obtained by minute circumstantial evidence of a long series of actions and words of the accused cannot be traced in a brief summary, but a few circumstances may be stated which led to the presumption of this man's guilt, as being entirely inconsistent with his assumed ignorance that something was occurring in the house. On the evening of the murder deceased went to the house of Bunce, the ground-keeper, on an errand, but returned about ten minutes after eight, and was not again seen alive. At about half-past ten Hatto called Bunce's attention to the noise he had heard: they had secured the loose colt. At this time Hatto called several times at the dead woman's window and threw some gravel at the glass, but there was no reply. It may here be stated that while searching for the colt Hatto fell, either by accident or design, into a pool of water in the yard, by which his clothes were much soiled. By experiments that were made, it was found that very slight noises made in the front part of the house or in deceased's chamber could be easily overheard in the bedroom of the prisoner, for Bunce, who formerly slept in the latter room, stated that he had often heard the servant-maid, who had once occupied the room in which the murder occurred, and the deceased talking together, though his own door was closed. Amongst many statements volunteered by Hatto, he declared that the deceased had given him his supper between eight and nine o'clock, and had afterwards come in and asked if he had had enough. This pointed to the hour of the murder and rendered the prisoner's ignorance of all that was proceeding almost impossible. As the deceased did not leave Bunce's till a quarter-past eight or so, it was not likely that the prisoner had finished his supper before nine. The housekeeper was accustomed, after performing all her duties, to go to bed about ten, but on the night of the murder these duties were all unperformed. Hatto's supper-things were not cleared away—a point on which she was very particular—the light and chamber-candle were not placed in the hall for her master's accommodation, nor was the plate removed to her bedroom, but remained in her drawer in the front sitting-room. The prisoner, after eating his supper, went to bed, as he said, and before half-past ten was aroused by a sound outside the house; but the murder had been committed at least an hour before then, and the noise in the yard was occasioned by the colt getting loose. Another circumstance which pointed strongly to Hatto as the guilty person was the disappearance of the rings, pencil-cases, etc., etc. Mr. Goodwin was strongly impressed with the idea that these articles were

The pint jug was only half full.

not absent until the second day after the murder, and at that time Hatto still had the free run of the house. Late in the evening of that day Hatto told his companion Bunce and others that he had to go to the railway-station for a parcel, and that on his way back he could bring some beer. He accordingly saddled a horse for the purpose of riding over, but he entered the station-yard by a gate farthest from the farm, as though he had come from Maidenhead or the Thames. He asked for a parcel, but there was none, and, as it was long after closing-time, he failed to procure any beer. It was urged by the prosecution that Hatto, in order to give a colouring of robbery to the murder, had himself stolen the missing articles, and had made up this message to the railway as a blind to enable him to dispose of them, and that he had thrown them into the Thames.

The circumstantial evidence adduced on the part of the Crown was certainly weak, and the defence referred to the liability to form an inaccurate conclusion from such slender premises. The prisoner's counsel urged the entire absence of motive on the part of the accused, and pointed out that, after all, it was not impossible that some tramp or burglar had entered the house and had perpetrated the murder, while the prisoner lay in the heavy sleep of the countryman—a class of man not easily aroused when once asleep. Then, again, he had made no sort of attempt to escape from the neighbourhood, even though he knew him-

self suspected, and not one of the missing articles had been traced to him. The defence confidently demanded an acquittal, and the learned judge summed up rather favourably than otherwise, but the jury could not reconcile themselves to the incongruity of the prisoner's statements, and felt that it was literally impossible for him to have remained in ignorance of the crime until his master discovered it. He was either the murderer or he was shielding the assassin, for his story could not be credited for a moment. But the jury arrived at no decision till after a long and anxious deliberation, and then they returned with a verdict of guilty, and Hatto was sentenced to be hanged. He merely shook his head when asked if he had anything to say before being sentenced, and subsequently to the judge's solemn address he ran lightly down the steps of the dock with the gayest step in the world. This was just one of the cases when a certain amount of doubt might have arisen as to the reliability of the evidence and the justice of the sentence, and it is quite possible that had an agitation commenced in the



BROKE UP THE TABLE, AND PILED THE FRAGMENTS ROUND THE FIRE.

prisoner's favour a revision of the death-penalty might have been the outcome. The evidence was not so strong and conclusive as to leave the guilt of the prisoner absolutely beyond all question, and it is quite conceivable that his life might have been spared. But the prisoner himself removed all shadow of doubt from the public mind, for that very night he sent for the governor of Aylesbury Gaol and made a full confession of his guilt. He stated that the murdered woman and himself had been on bad terms for some time. She had evinced a great dislike and distrust towards him, which she had been at no pains to hide, and it is strange to read how thoroughly her distrust—and how terribly—was soon to be justified! She had, according to the prisoner, expressed displeasure when he was seen about the house, and had manifested her disregard for him in several little, trifling ways. On the evening of the murder he had overheard her, when they were both at Bunce's, make some disparaging allusions to him. She said that he was lazy and dirty, and, said the prisoner, "that throwed me at once—I was drove into an agony by it. It drove vengeance upon me to hear her running me down to all eternity!" They returned to the house together, and Mrs. Sturgeon brought the groom—his mind fixed upon the remarks she had made concerning him—an ample supper. But, resenting her opinion of him, he was keen to take offence, and he complained that, instead of bringing him a pint of beer, as usual, the pint-jug was only half full. "She did this," said the prisoner, "as if to throw more madness upon me!" The horrid story goes on: "She looked so evil upon me, and I was so throwed that I hardly knew—indeed, I did not know!—where I was or what I did." She left him at his supper in the kitchen, and over the meal Hatto commenced to think out schemes of vengeance. His brain was red with rage and he saw blood before and all about him—a fitting object, then, for the devil's ministrations. The tempting voice cried, "Kill her! kill her!" and he looked about for some weapon with which he could strike her down when she returned. Again the evil promptings whispered irresistibly in his greedy ear, and he seized a lard-beater standing near and waited for the victim of his savage anger. She returned, and his courage or his wanton rage deserted him. He hid the lard-beater behind him and went out into the open air. There the temptation to repay her uncomplimentary words with brutal blows, to smash and beat the life out of her came over him again, and, still grasping his formidable weapon, he returned to the kitchen. The poor woman had gone into the lard-house, and the murderer followed her in. He lifted the weapon and struck at her with all his force, knocking her into the passage. She fell, and he struck again, but she struggled hard and screamed loudly. She got up and ran upstairs. He followed her—for now he meant to kill—and caught her at her bedroom door and tripped her up in the passage. He opened the bedroom door, caught hold of her by the arm and dragged her into the room, her life-blood oozing all the time from those fearful gashes in the head. He struck her on the head with the poker two or three times with such relentless force that it broke, and then she seemed nearly dead. He did not wait to think how to dispose of the body, but pushed her clothes towards the grate, and they

became ignited. He then went to his own bedroom and changed his trousers, shirt, and stockings, which were covered in blood. He then returned to the scene of horror and "looked how the body was going on." It was burning, and he broke up the table and piled the fragments round the fire. (Asked if it was his intention to burn the house down with the victim of his fury, he replied that, feeling now satisfied and surfeited with her blood, he cared little what happened, but he had hoped that the body of the poor woman would be wholly consumed before Mr. Goodwin returned.) After this he went to the latter's room, removed some small articles and hid them under a tree. He cut up his shoes and clothes into fragments. Some of these he buried in various places and others he strewed along the road and hedges on his ride to the railway-station on the sham message for the parcel. Some he threw into the Thames; he was about to throw his shirt in, but reflected that it would not sink. He, therefore, carried the tell-tale garment back with him, and buried it in the stable, where it was found. Other portions of his clothing were found in the places indicated, and thus by the murderer's own confession the truth was made apparent as the day. The wretched man even at this stage appeared to regard his dreadful deed with much complacency. "She shouldn't have run me down!" he is reported to have said to the chaplain, who expatiated on the dreadful nature of his crime and endeavoured to bring the felon to some sense of sorrow and remorse. The prisoner expressed some mild regret, and said that he hoped he would be forgiven, but it was quite clear that he did not, possibly could not, realise how frightful had been his crime and how trifling the motive. The desire to slay the woman, he said, came over him "on a sudden" when he noticed the "short measure of beer"! How the fiends below must have gloried in such a deed, executed for so miserable a cause!.

Moses Hatto was hanged at Aylesbury a fortnight after his condemnation, and his fate was witnessed by many hundreds, who came from all parts to see so notorious a malefactor meet with the fate his furious savagery so richly deserved. Previous to the day of execution he had written the confession given in brief above, and he then seemed quite easy and comfortable in his mind. He was visited by some relatives, and to them he stated that "he believed in God's mercy that he would be forgiven." He said that from a boy he had always had a most ungovernable temper, and that the desire to kill the woman had been irresistible, and that he felt he must do it. He had paid some attention to the ministrations of the chaplain, and there is reason to believe that at the last he was a little more alive to the enormity of his guilt.

On the morning of the execution he was awakened a little before six o'clock by the governor of the gaol and the chaplain, who informed him that his last hour was come. He sprang out of bed—he had been sleeping very peacefully—and merely ejaculated, "I am ready!" He was of slight build, and the drop allowed was not a long one. He scarcely touched the breakfast offered him, but eagerly swallowed a wine-glassful of spirits, which was handed to him just before the moment arrived for the last short journey to the scaffold. That was erected, in full view of the multitude, on the flat roofing of Aylesbury Gaol, and the prisoner trembled slightly as the structure came into view. He was seen to stamp his right foot on the ground, as if to keep it from even that little sign of terror he was suffering at the imminence of death. The tremor ceased, and then, though he was very pale, he betrayed no further outward tokens of fear or horror. He submitted quietly to the pinioning process, and took his last gaze at the curious sea of faces beneath, all upturned in the strong light of the early morning—it was April—towards his own. It was the murderer's last look at the fair earth, looking very fair and beautiful beneath the April sun, with the green valleys and hills stretching out in one perfect panorama before the man about to die. The hangman placed the cap over his head, and all was ready. The chaplain got to the words, "in the midst of life," when the lever was pulled, and Hatto, the murderer, disappeared from view. The rope shook and swayed slightly for a few seconds—then all was still.

Justice was done, a horrid crime avenged, and the murderer of Mrs. Sturgeon, at Burnham Abbey Farm, had gone —whither?

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DAINTY NOVELS
ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

AGAINST the wall of the south aisle of Beverley Cathedral, Yorkshire, is a memorial stone on which is cut the following inscription:

"IN MEMORY OF A MURDERED WOMAN.

"Mysterious was my cause of Death,
In the Prime of Life I fell;
For days I Lived yet ne'er had breath
The secret of my fate to tell.
Farewell, my child and husband dear,
By cruel hands I leave you,
Now that I'm dead and sleeping here,
My Murderer may deceive you.
Though I am dead, yet I shall live,
I must my Murderer meet,
And then in Evidence, shall give
My cause of death complete.
Forgive, my child and husband dear,
That cruel Man of blood;
He soon for Murder must appear
Before the Son of God."

A Murderer's Unconcern at Death.

AT the Surrey Assizes in March, 1738, a man named Gill Smith, an apothecary, at Dartford, was tried for wife murder, found guilty, and condemned to be executed. It appears that Smith was in good circumstances, kept a pack of hounds, and lived as expensively as any country squire. He insured his wife for £200, with a view of gaining that sum by murdering her, and this he did in a most brutal manner.

After his condemnation he was brought back from Guildford and chained to the floor of his cell. He said he wanted his supper and hoped they would not leave him with a hungry belly; he was closely watched and carefully searched, for fear he should have concealed any weapon with which he could commit suicide. He told the man who searched him that he need not give himself much trouble, he had no knife about him, and, if he had one, he would rather kill all the world than hurt himself. He ate and drank very heartily, and often appeared very jocose and without any visible sign of fear or the terror of death. Soon after the death-warrant was received at the prison he asked when he was to be hanged, and on being told the day appointed, did not appear in the least concerned. Shortly afterwards he told the man who attended on him that he was to be hanged in chains; "but," he added, "if I am to be crow's meat, I'll live accordingly." Some days after this, Mr. Hardy, who was noted for his skill in playing the French horn, came to visit him, and told him he was sorry to see him in such an unhappy position. "Oh," replied Smith, "I'm well enough; don't be sorry for me. I am to be hanged in a few days, and if you'll come and blow the death of the stag as I go to the gallows I shall take it as a great favour."

On Saturday, the 18th of April, two days before his execution, he was informed by some gentlemen of his acquaintance that he was to be hanged with Black Jack and Emmerson. "Well," replied Smith, "if that be so there will be a room to let." As he was going into the cart, he called for a pint of wine, saying he had paid for it, and insisted on having it. On his way to the gallows he did not show the least concern, but frequently smelled at a nosegay he carried in his hand, and when he came to the place of execution he was so far from being affected by his unhappy state that he was frequently observed to smile. The account adds, "He went off with a lie in his mouth."

REPLIES TO QUERIES

INQUIRER.—The last execution at Newgate took place on Tuesday, May 6, 1902.

A. K. B.—The State of New York adopted execution by electricity on January 1, 1889.

BALTIC.—Yes; executions in Russia take place in public, and are carried out either by means of the musket, gallows, or sword.

YORKSHIRE.—Wainwright was executed at Newgate, December 21, 1875. The others you refer to will be published in due time.

MERCIA (Portsmouth).—Many thanks for your flattering opinion of us. It will prove a valuable criminal record when complete. The crimes you mention will appear in due course.

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No. **1** *READY THIS DAY.*

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